VERTIGO

by

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE SHOT

We see a close view of a roof parapet and the curved rail of a fire escape. In the bag, are large skyscrapers with all their windows fully lit in the late winter afternoon. This background is used for the CREDIT TITLES of the picture. After the last card has FADED OUT, we HOLD on to the empty parapet, when suddenly a man's hand reaches and grips the top of the rail. It is followed by another hand and, after a beat, we see the face of a man in his early 30's. He is an Italian type, with rough features. He turns quickly and looks below him and then turning back, springs up over the empty parapet and is lost from view. We STAY on the EMPTY SCENE for a second or two as we HEAR the scraping of boots on the iron ladder. Someone else is coming up. Presently, two more hands and the head of a uniformed policeman with cap and badge starts to climb over the parapet. The CAMERA PULLS BACK so that by the time he has completed his climb, he is in full figure. He dashes out of the picture drawing his gun. Immediately following him over the parapet, a detective in plain clothes climbs over. This is JOHN FERGUSON, known as SCOTTIE. He too pulls a gun and dashes out of the picture.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

A vast panorama of the San Francisco skyline. Nearer to us are three tiny figures running and jumping over the roof tops. The man on the run, whom we first saw climb over the parapet, is dressed in a white shirt and light tan linen slacks, and wearing sneakers. The uniformed man is shooting at him. Scottie is dressed in medium grey clothes. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the group across the roof tops.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MED. SHOT

We now see a short gap between rooftops, with a drop below. The pursued man makes the leap successfully followed by the uniformed policeman. Scottie makes the same leap, but almost trips in taking off and is thrown off balance. He tries to recover, lands awkwardly on the opposite roof, and falls forward, prone, with a heavy impact that hurts and drives tile breath from his body. He tries to rise but raises his head with a look of pain -- one leg is doubled up under the other. The tiles give way, and he slides backwards, and his legs go over the edge of the roof, then his body. In his daze he grasps at the loose tiles, and as he goes over the edge he clutches on to the gutter, which gives way, and he swings off into space, looking down.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE SHOT

Scottie looking down.

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

From Scottie's viewpoint, the gap beneath the building and the ground below. It seems to treble its depth.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looking down with horror. His eyes close as a wave of nausea overcomes him.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the distance the fleeing criminal. The policeman, seeing what has happened to Scottie, returns to the slope of the roof and strains to reach down to Scottie.

POLICEMAN
Give me your hand!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE UP

SCOTTIE'S HEAD. His hands grip the edge of the guttering. The tips of the fingers of policeman straining to reach Scottie, are at the top of screen. Scottie begins to open his grip but stares down, he quickly resumes his grip looking up hopelessly towards the helping hand. He looks down again.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT - the ground below still a long way away.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

The policeman's hand in foreground, his face beyond.

POLICEMAN
What's the matter with you? Give me your hand!

Policeman endeavors to stretch out his hand further.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK)

The tiles beneath the policeman's heel begin to give. The Policeman starts to slide. He claws desperately at the surface of the roof.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie, his eyes closed. He opens them as he hears a wild cry.

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

The policeman falling through space.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie stares down in horror.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

The body of the policeman sprawled on the ground below. People are running into the alleyway; they stare at the body, look up to where Scottie is hanging. We see the light on their upturned faces. And now we hear a police whistle blown shrilly, again and again.

Up to this moment the background music has had an excitement to match the scene, and now it cuts off, abruptly, leaving on the echo of the police whistle as the DISSOLVE begins. Then, in the DISSOLVE, we hear the gentle insistence of Scarlatti played by a chamber orchestra.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT ON RUSSIAN HILL - (LATE AFTERNOON)

It is fresh, light, and simple, and crowded with books, phonograph records, pictures. The most striking feature of the apartment is the view:

The rising hills of San Francisco framed by a large picture window. To one side of the window is the owner of the apartment, MAJORIE WOOD, called MIDGE, at a commercial drawing table concentrating with professional intensity on a drawing of a slim, a elongated woman with few features and fewer clothes. A brassiere sits on a table at Midge's elbow, and she studies it as she draws. Midge Wood is about thirty-seven, attractive, straight-forward, well-but-simply-dressed; she wears glasses but does not whip them an and off as they do in the movies. The music comes from a gramophone. The other occupant of the room is Scottie. He sits in a big chair, with his feet stretched out on an ottoman and his head far back. There is a drink on a table nearby. He rouses himself to reach for it, and in doing so knocks over his walking stick that has been propped against the chair. He reaches out to catch it, and in the quickness of trying to keep it from falling, he wrenches his body around.

SCOTTIE
Ow!!

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MIDGE
(Paying little attention)
I thought you said no more aches and pains?

SCOTTIE
It's this darned corset. It binds.

He retrieves the stick.

MIDGE
No three-way stretch? How very un-chic.

SCOTTIE
Well, you know those police department doctors: no sense of style.
(Sighs gratefully)
Ah, tomorrow!

MIDGE
What's tomorrow?

SCOTTIE
Tomorrow ... the corset comes off. And this thing goes out the window.
(He waves the stick)
I shall be a free man. I shall wiggle my behind ... free and unconfined.

He raises his eyebrows with a surprised and gratified smile. Midge looks over at him with a grimace.

SCOTTIE
Midge, do you suppose many men wear corsets?

MIDGE
More than you think.

SCOTTIE
(Interested)
How do you know? Personal experience?

MIDGE
Please!
(Then, impersonally)
And what happens after tomorrow?

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SCOTTIE
What do you mean?

MIDGE
What are you going to do? Now that you've quit the police force?

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
You sound so disapproving, Midge.

MIDGE
No, it's your life. But you were the bright young lawyer who decided he was going to be chief of police some day.

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
I had to quit, Midge.

MIDGE
Why?

SCOTTIE
I wake up at night seeing him fall from the roof ... and try to reach out for him.

MIDGE
It wasn't your fault.

SCOTTIE
I know. Everybody tells me.

MIDGE
Johnny, the doctors explained --

SCOTTIE
I know. I have Acrophobia. What a disease. A fear of heights. And what a moment to find out I had it.

MIDGE
Well, you've got it. And there's no losing it. And there's no one to blame. So why quit?

SCOTTIE
And sit behind a desk? Chairborne?

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MIDGE
It's where you belong.

SCOTTIE
(With a grin)
Not with my Acrophobia, Midge. If I dropped a pencil on the floor and bent down to pick it up, it could be disastrous!

MIDGE
(Laughs)
Ah, Johnny-O ....

She considers him for a moment, then goes back to her work. By now he is up and wandering about with the help of the stick.

MIDGE
(Finally, as she works)
Well? ... what'll you do?

SCOTTIE
Nothing for a while. You forget, I'm a man of independent means. Or fairly independent.

MIDGE
Mmm. Why don't you go away for a while?

SCOTTIE
(Grins)
To forget? Don't be so motherly, Midge. I'm not going to crack up.

MIDGE
Have you had any dizzy spells this week?

SCOTTIE
I'm having one now.

She looks up sharply with quick apprehension.

SCOTTIE
From that music.

MIDGE
Oh!

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She goes and turns off the gramophone. Scottie has wandered over to the drawing table.

SCOTTIE
What's this do-hickey here?

He turns the brassiere over with his stick

MIDGE
It's a brassiere. You know about those things. You're a big boy, now.

SCOTTIE
I've never run across one like that.

MIDGE
It's brand new. Revolutionary uplift. No shoulder straps, no back straps, but does everything a brassiere should do. It works on the principle of the cantilever bridge.

SCOTTIE
(Impressed)
Uh-huh!

MIDGE
An aircraft engineer down the peninsula designed it. He worked it out in his spare time.

SCOTTIE
What a pleasant hobby.

He wanders back to the chair and watches her work for a long moment. Then:

SCOTTIE
How's your love life, Midge?

MIDGE
That's following a train of thought.

SCOTTIE
Well?

MIDGE
Normal.

SCOTTIE
Aren't you ever going to get married?

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MIDGE
(Lightly)
You know there's only one man in the world for me, Johnny-O.

SCOTTIE
Yeah, I'm a brute. We were engaged once though, weren't we?

MIDGE
Three whole weeks.

SCOTTIE
Ah, sweet college days. But you're the one who blew it. I'm still available. Available Ferguson. Say, Midge, do you remember a guy at college named Gavin Elster?

MIDGE
Gavin? Gavin Elster? You'd think I'd would. No.

SCOTTIE
I got a call from him today. Funny. He dropped out of sight during the war, and I'd heard he'd gone East. I guess he's back.
(he fishes out a slip of paper)
It's a Mission number.

MIDGE
That's Skid Row ... isn't it?

SCOTTIE
Could be.

MIDGE
He's probably on the bum and wants to touch you for the price of a drink.

SCOTTIE
Well, I'm on the bum; I'll buy him a couple of drinks and tell him my troubles. But not tonight. If you won't drink with me, I'll drink alone, tonight.
(He rises to go)

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MIDGE
Sorry, old man. Work.

SCOTTIE
Midge, what did you mean, there's no losing it?

MIDGE
What.

SCOTTIE
My ... the acrophobia.

MIDGE
I asked my doctor. He said only another emotional shock could do it, and probably wouldn't. And you're not going to go diving off another rooftop to find out.

SCOTTIE
I think I can lick it.

MIDGE
How?

SCOTTIE
I've got a theory. Look. If I can get used to heights just a little at a time ... progressively see?

He has been looking about eagerly, sees a low footstool, drags it to the center of the room as he speaks.

SCOTTIE
Here, I'll show you what I mean. We'll start with this.

MIDGE
That!?!

SCOTTIE
What do you want me to start with -- the Golden Gate Bridge?

He has stepped up on the footstool and stands there proudly looking up and down.

SCOTTIE
Now. I look up, I look down. I look up, I look down. Nothing to it.

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MIDGE
(Overlapping)
Stop kidding. Wait a minute.

She dashes to the kitchen, returns quickly with a small aluminum household ladder.

SCOTTIE
Ah, that's my girl! Here?

He steps on the first step.

MIDGE
Step number two.

SCOTTIE
Okay.

He gets up on the second step and goes through the routine .

SCOTTIE
I look up, I look down. I look up, I look down. I'm going to go right out and buy me a nice, tall stepladder. Here we go.

He gets on the top step.

MIDGE
Easy, now.

SCOTTIE
This is a cinch. I look up, I look down. I look up --

And at this moment he makes the mistake of turning and looking out through the picture window.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT

We see the depth down to the street below the window. The whole picture begins to weave.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

of Scottie -- expression of nausea.

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FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEW POINT - LONG SHOT

The weaving view changes to the original scene where the ground receded in a rush and the body of the policeman fell into space.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Scottie's face distorted with agony -- his eyes close and he begins to slump. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY as Midge now comes into shot, putting up her hands to him to hold him, and his weight is on her and his head is slumped, and the joke is over.

MIDGE
Johnny!

SCOTTIE
(Muttering, his face tight, his eyes shut)
Oh, damn it! Damn it, damn it --

DISSOLVE:

EXT. A SHIPYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Boats up an ways, men swarming over, cranes moving. At the gate, Scottie has paused to speak to the gateman. The gateman indicates a building in the distance, Scottie nods, goes past him, starts across the shipyard toward the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAVIN ELSTER'S OFFICE - (DAY)

A well-appointed office with a large window looking out upon a busy shipyard. There are a couple of models of modern freighters in glass cases, but more important, on the walls are many framed prints and posters and maps relating to early California history; some from the Mexican days, many from the Gold Rush days, many of San Francisco in the Seventies and Eighties. Behind the desk sits Gavin Elster, a man about Scottie's age, huskily built, slightly balding, with cool, watchful eyes. He is beautifully tailored, and gives the sense of a man who relishes money and knows how to use it. He sits quietly watching Scottie, who stands staring out the window at the activity of the shipyard. After a long moment:

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SCOTTIE
How'd you get into the shipbuilding business, Gavin?

ELSTER
I married into it.

Scottie shoots him a small surprised smile of approval at his frankness, then looks out the window again.

SCOTTIE
Interesting business.

ELSTER
No, to be honest, I find it dull.

SCOTTIE
You don't have to do it for a living.

ELSTER
No. But one assumes obligations. My wife's family is all gone; someone has to look after her interest. Her father's partner runs the company yard in the East -- Baltimore -- so I decided as long as I had to work at it, I'd come back here. I've always liked it here.

SCOTTIE
How long have you been back?

ELSTER
Almost a year.

SCOTTIE
And you like it.

ELSTER
San Francisco's changed. The things a that spell San Francisco to me are disappearing fast.

Scottie smiles at the old prints on the wall.

SCOTTIE
Like all this.

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ELSTER
(Nodding)
I'd like to have lived here then. The color and excitement ... the power ... the freedom.

Though be does not stress the word, the way be lingers softly on the word "Freedom" makes Scottie look over at him again. Elster looks up and smiles companionably.

ELSTER
Shouldn't you be sitting down?

SCOTTIE
No, I'm all right.

ELSTER
I was sorry to read about that thing in the papers.
(No answer)
And you've quit the force.
(Scottie nods)
A permanent physical disability?

SCOTTIE
No, Acrophobia isn't a crippling thing. It just means I can't climb steep stairs or go to high places, like the bar at the Top-of-the-Mark. But --
(Shrugs and smiles)
-- there are plenty of street-level bars In this town.

Elster considers the top of his desk for a moment, then looks up.

ELSTER
Would you like a drink now?

SCOTTIE
No ... no, thanks. A bit early in the day for spirits.
(Pause)
Well, I guess that about covers everything, doesn't it? I never married; I don't see much of the "old college gang"; I'm a retired detective -- and you're in the shipbuilding business.
(more)

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SCOTTIE (cont'd)
(Pause)
What's on your mind, Gavin?

A moment, than Elster rises from the desk casually, wanders across the room, looks out the window, gets out a handkerchief and blows his nose prosaically, finally turns and regards Scottie coolly and directly for a long moment.

ELSTER
I asked you to come up here, Scottie, knowing that you had quit detective works, but I wondered whether you would go back on the job -- as a special favor to me.

Scottie looks at him questioningly.

ELSTER
I want you to follow my wife.

Scottie does not change expression, and yet one can sense the feeling of anti-climax within him, and the almost imperceptible small cynical smile deep behind his eyes.

ELSTER
Not what you think. We're very happily married.

SCOTTIE
Then?

ELSTER
I'm afraid some harm may come to her.

SCOTTIE
From whom?

ELSTER
Someone dead.

Scottie waits.

ELSTER
Scottie, do you believe that someone out of the past, someone dead, can enter and take possession of a living being?

SCOTTIE
No.

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ELSTER
If I told you I believe that his happened to my wife, what would you say?

SCOTTIE
I'd say you'd better take her to the nearest psychiatrist, psychologist, neurologist, psychoanalyst, or plain family doctor. And have him check you both.

ELSTER
(Defeated)
Then you're of no use to me. I'm sorry I wasted your time. Thank you for coming in, Scottie.

Seattle rises to go, awkwardly, puzzled, a bit apologetic.

SCOTTIE
I didn't mean to be that rough.

ELSTER
No, it sounds idiotic, I know. And you're still the hard-headed Scot, aren't you? Always were. Do you think I'm making it up?

SCOTTIE
No.

ELSTER
I'm not making it up. I wouldn't know how. She'll be talking to me about something, nothing at all, and suddenly the words fade into silence and a cloud comes into her eyes and they go blank ... and she is somewhere else, away from me ... someone I don't know. I call to her and she doesn't hear. And then with a long sigh she is back, and looks at me brightly, and doesn't know she's been away ... can't tell me where ... or why...

SCOTTIE
How often does this happen?

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ELSTER
More and more in the past few weeks. And she wanders. God knows where she wanders. I followed her one day.

SCOTTIE
Where'd she go?

Elster almost ignores the question as he looks back to the day.

ELSTER
Watched her come out of the apartment, someone I didn't know ... walking in a different way ... holding her head in a way I didn't know; and get into her car, and drive out to...
(He smiles grimly)
Golden Gate Park. Five miles. She sat on a bench at the edge of the lake and stared across the water to the old pillars that stand an the far shore, the Portals of the Past. Sat there a long time, not moving ... and I had to leave, to got to the office. That evening, when I came home, I asked what she'd done all day. She said she'd driven to Golden Gate Park and sat by the lake. That's all.

SCOTTIE
Well?

ELSTER
The speedometer of her car showed she had driven 94 miles that day. Where did she go?
(Pause)
I have to know, Scottie. Where she goes and what she does, before I got involved with doctors.

SCOTTIE
Have you talked to the doctors at all?

ELSTER
Yes, but carefully. I'd want to know more before committing her to that kind of care.
(Anxiously)
Scottie --

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SCOTTIE
(Quickly)
I can got you a firm of private eyes to follow her for you. They're dependable, good boys --

ELSTER
(Breaking in)
I want you.

SCOTTIE
It's not my line.

ELSTER
Scottie, I need a friend! Someone I can trust! I'm in a panic about this!

Long pause.

SCOTTIE
How can I see her, to know her?

ELSTER
We're going to an opening at the opera tonight. We'll dine at Ernie's first. Which is easier?

SCOTTIE
Ernie's.

ELSTER
All right.
(Pause)
You won't know what to look for at first, Scottie. Even I, who know her so well, cannot tell, sometimes, when the change has begun. She looks so lovely and normal...

The last part of this speech carries through the dissolve.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT - (NIGHT)

We are in the upstairs room that, in mood and decor, takes us back to Bonanza Days. This is the way San Francisco was. Scottie is at the bar, turned a little so that he faces into the dining room, and as he drinks his eyes search the room slowly, carefully.

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The CAMERA SEARCHES with him, passing over the many well-dressed women, until it comes to rest on a table for two against the far wall. Gavin Elster is seated there, dining with his wife. Scottie cannot get a clear look at her. She is turned slightly away from him, and when she does turn her head in his direction there always seems to be a waiter passing to block the view. And during all of this we hear Elster's voice, continuing from the previous scene.

ELSTER'S VOICE
But I realize now that the deep change began on the first day I brought her to San Francisco. You know what San Francisco does to people who have never seen it before. All of it happened to Madeleine, but with such an intensity as to be almost frightening. She was like a child came home. Everything about the city excited her: she had to walk all the hills, explore the edge of the ocean, see all the old houses and wander the old streets: and when she came upon something unchanged, something that was as it had been, her delight was so strong so fiercely possessive! These things were hers. And yet she had never been here before. She had been born and raised in the East. I liked it at first, of course. I love this place; I wanted my bride to love it. But then it began to make me uneasy. Her delight was too strong; her excitement was too intense, it never faded; her laugh was too loud, her eyes sparkled too brightly; there was something feverish about the way she embraced the city. She possessed it. And then one day she changed again ... and a great sigh settled on her, and the cloud came into her eyes....

Now Gavin Elster has signed the check, and he and his wife rise and start for the door. Scottie still cannot get an unobstructed view of her face, but we can see in flashes that she is young, in her twenties, with a mobile, attractive face and gentle eyes that have warmth and intelligence and humor. Scottie is intent on her. At the doorway to the bar, only two feet from him, she stops and waits as her husband pauses behind her to speak to the headwaiter and thank him and tip him. She looks about calmly, with sure, distant repose.

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Her eyes come to rest an Scottie for a moment, then move an with the small smile.

During all of the above, Elster's voice has gone on, without pauses, and his narration ends as the girl, Madeleine, comes to a stop near Scottie and waits.

ELSTER'S VOICE
I don't know what happened that day: where she went, what she saw, what she did. But on that day, the search was ended. She had found what she was looking for, she had Game home. And something in the city possessed her.

As Scottie stares at harp their eyes meet for a moment, and he turns to reach for his drink. When he turns back, she is gone. He looks about, slightly startled, then catches a glimpse of her as she turns the corner of the. upstairs lobby. His eyes grow thoughtful, and glow with the memory of her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie, seated in his car, a light grey sedan, is reading the morning paper. The car radio is going and we hear conventional disc jockey music. He glances out through his windshield.

BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT FROM HIS POV

We see a large block of apartments with a stone pillared entrance and a small car parked inside. Beyond it is the door into the apartment building itself. There is no activity but for one businessman who emerges on foot and makes his way out.

INT. AUTOMOBILE - (DAY) - CLOSEUP SCOTTIE

He resumes his reading but does not Concentrate. His eyes go back to the apartment house.

EXT. BLOCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A slightly nearer view but still outside the stone entrance of the apartment house, we see the main entrance beyond. For some time, there is no activity at all - perhaps for a quarter of a minute or so. Suddenly, we see Gavin's wife, MADELEINE, appear.

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She is dressed in a smart light grey tailored suit. She stands for a moment looking about her.

INT. AUTOMOBILE (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie thrusts the paper aside and turns off the radio. He starts his car.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT - FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

We see Madeleine crossing the small courtyard to a pale green Jaguar. She stands for a moment, opens her handbag and takes out her car keys. She gets in the car.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie begins to turn his car away gently from the curbstone.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Madeleine's car pulls out and turns down the side street.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see him pull away, looking intently ahead.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the windshield over the hood of his car, we see the pale green Jaguar moving ahead of him, but the speed is quite casual and not too fast.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie watching ahead.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Through the windshield we see the green Jaguar turn the corner and go down another street.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie taking the same corner as we see him turn the wheel.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie anxiously looking ahead, fearing he might miss her.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The green car slows up and begins to make a left-hand turn (or right-hand). The two cars in front of Scottie's are able to pull out and pass the green car. We see the green car turn up an alleyway.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie's expression changes a little, surprised at the sudden turn-off.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

In the left f.g., we see a large flower shop and beyond, at the corner of the side alleyway, another store. We see the grey sedan turn in.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
SHOOTING DOWN THE ALLEYWAY

The grey sedan comes into the f.g. on the right, while further down the street, we see the green Jaguar coming to a stop outside a dingy doorway.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see Scottie looking out of his window, looking down the street.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT - FROM HIS VIEW P0INT

We see Madeleine get out of the Jaguar and pass through a rather decrepit-looking door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Scottie alights from his car and we see him make his way down the alley towards the Jaguar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Scottie past the Jaguar as he cautiously enters the doorway.

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INT. DARK PASSAGE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie making his way down this passage. He reaches a door at the end.

INT. DARK PASSAGE - (DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP - SHOOTING OVER SCOTTIE'S SHOULDER

He gently pushes open the door. We see beyond him the bright lights and back part of the flower shop.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's surprised expression, as he peers through the partially open door. Suddenly, he catches sight of:

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Madeleine is talking to one of the assistants, making some inquiry. The assistant, who seems to know her, nods with a smile and goes off to the side of the store. Madeleine waits and begins to turn, looking around the store. She approaches camera until she is again in profile - just as she was in Ernie's Restaurant when Scottie first saw her.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CLOSEUP - SCOTTIE

Cautiously narrows the opening of the door.

INT. FLOWER SH0P - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The female assistant returns. She is carrying a small nosegay of flowers. Madeleine nods her approval and, as the assistant returns, we see Madeleine indicate she will take it as it is. Madeleine begins to open her purse as the assistant starts to write out the bill.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSEUP SCOTTIE

Cautiously, closes the door.

INT. PASSAGE - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Scottie retreating from the door and hastening down the passage towards the CAMERA. He goes out left and as he opens the door into the alleyway, the daylight streams in for a moment.

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EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie emerges from the doorway, passing the green Jaguar. We are far enough away to see the sign over the doorway, which tells us that it is the rear entrance to the flower shop, for customers' parking.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Scottie comes from the Jaguar across the alleyway to where his own car is standing. He gets in. After a moment or two, we see Madeleine emerge in the distance and get into the Jaguar, carrying the nosegay. There is a sound of the starter, and immediately, she is on her way. In the f.g., the grey sedan moves off at a cautious distance behind.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie driving, looking ahead.

EXT. DOLORES AVENUE - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar driving ahead down the wide Dolores Avenue. It presently comes to a stop outside the Mission. We see Madeleine quickly get out. Scottie's car enters the picture and begins to slow up.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

As he watches ahead, he slowly brings his car to a stop.

EXT. DOLORES AVENUE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the f.g., is the grey sedan. Scottie emerges and, slamming his car door shut, makes his way to the door opposite which the green Jaguar is parked.

EXT. DOLORES MISSION - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We now see for the first time the facade of the old Mission Dolores. Scottie enters the picture from the right and makes his way to the small dark, open doorway.

EXT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie passes through the small doorway. On the wall nearby, we get a quick glimpse of the plaque announcing the date of the establishment of the Mission.

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INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie come through the door and towards the CAMERA. He comes to a stop in CLOSEUP.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see the center aisle and, in the distance, the altar of the old Mission. It is very dark except for the strong light around the altar. The church is completely empty.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie half-turns as though to retrace his steps, them he looks back again and leans to one side slightly.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Shooting on a slightly different angle, we see there is a small door at the far end at the right-hand side of the altar. It is slowly closing.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie immediately comes forward and exits the picture.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Scottie enters the f.g., and we see him hasten up the aisle towards the altar.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We are much nearer to the altar. Scottie enters the picture on the right and makes his way quickly towards the little side door. As he opens it, a Shaft of bright sunlight comes into the church.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

We see Scottie emerge from the church coming towards the CAMERA, which DOLLIES BACK with him.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, the CAMERA TURNS the corner and makes its way toward a small gateway in a wall. The CAMERA starts to go through.

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EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie coming through the gateway.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the graveyard, and in the distance, we see Madeleine gazing down at a headstone, the posy still clutched in her hands.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looking towards Madeleine with an expression of slight surprise. He starts off out of the picture to the right.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We see Scottie making his way down the side of the graveyard, with the Mission Church behind him. The CAMERA PANS him all the way round to a position towards Madeleine. He disappears from view.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Scottie past Madeleine and he takes up a position behind a grotto where he can observe her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie watching Madeleine.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the foliage, from his viewpoint, we see the back view of Madeleine, her head bent down, still looking at the grave. She starts to turn.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie cautiously steps back a little.

EXT. GRAVEYARD (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA watching the corner of the grotto for a moment. Nothing happens, then we hear a few steps and Madeleine comes into view still carrying the posy of flowers. She is walking very slowly. She comes to a stop opposite Scottie - until she is in full profile. She opens her purse and takes out a small handkerchief, than she moves on around the path towards the exit.

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EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie is watching bar depart.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) SEMI-LONG SHOT

Madeleine approaches a small door at the side of the mission Church. She goes in.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie hasten round from his hiding-place a back to the headstone, where Madeleine had been standing.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie quickly takes an envelope from his pocket and also takes out a pencil. He starts to write down something as he looks at the headstone.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

INSERT - The name on the headstone reads: Carlotta Valdes. Born December 3. 1831. Died March 5, 1857.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie hurry from the grave towards the exit door. The CAMERA PANS with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Once more his eyes are on the road ahead, as he follows Madeleine.

EXT. MARKET STREET - (DAY)

We see the green Jaguar come out of l6th Street and cross Market Street and start to ascend the hill.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY)

We see both cars, one behind the other, moving uphill.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN PARK - (DAY)

The two cars move along the road through the entrance, between the trees, and the Jaguar draws up before the Palace of the Legion of Honor. Scottie continues past as Madeleine gets out of her car and walks through the courtyard to the entrance to the art gallery. Scottie parks his car farther along, and follows her in.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - LONG SHOT

Shooting through the foreground columns we see the gallery, soft lit from the top, completely empty, save for one person. It is Madeleine. She is seated on the small wooden bench at the far end. Her head is tilted in the upward direction, gazing at a large portrait. Slowly we see Scottie coming to the left f.g. He watches her for a moment and then with a carefully quiet stop, moves into the gallery and starts to examine the pictures.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA SHOOTING on the back of Scottie, TRAVELS, with him as he pretends to look at the pictures on the wall. He barely stops at each one. Now and again he half furtively glances over his shoulder. Finally the CAMERA COMES TO A STOP. Scottie cautiously turns around and looks across the room.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we get a complete picture of what he sees. The back view of Madeleine, seated on the polished wooden bench, her right band is holding the nasegay, and beyond her a three-quarter length portrait of a beautiful blonde woman, dressed in 19th century costume. She seems to be looking down with an enigmatic smile.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's eye catches sight of:

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

The nosegay resting in Madeleine's hand on the polished wood seat. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP and MOVES IN to a part of the picture. It comes to rest on a nosegay held in the woman's hands.

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INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's expression does not change. His eyes move to something else.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

SHOOTING on the back of Madeleine, we see her head and shoulders only. The CAMERA MOVES IN until her bum of blonde hair fills the screen. The CAMERA PANS up until we see the head and shoulders of the woman in the portrait. She is wearing a distinctive diamond pendant necklace. Then the CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN and concentrate its attention at a bun of hair resting on the nape of her neck.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's eyes turn thoughtfully at the memory of his conversation with Gavin. He looks up again.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Again, the enigmatic look of the woman wearing the diamond pendant necklace. It seems as though she is almost looking at Scottie.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie turns and makes his way carefully back down the gallery.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA is now back in its original position, beyond the columns of the entrance to the room. We see Scottie coming down toward the CAMERA. As he comes to us in CLOSER SHOT, we see him beckon to somebody off screen.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

A male attendant is coming over towards the CAMERA. He goes out of the picture.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

He comes to where Scottie awaits him. Scottie asks in a low voice:

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SCOTTIE
(Nodding in the direction of the gallery)
Who is the woman in the portrait?

The Attendant turns his head.

SCOTTIE
The one where the lady is sitting.

ATTENDANT
Oh, that's Carlotta, sir.
(At Scottie's reaction)
You'll find it in the catalogue: "Portrait of Carlotta."

Scottie nods his thanks as the attendant hands him a catalogue. Scottie then turns back and looks into the room. The CAMERA MOVES IN past him, so that once more we are left alone with Madeleine seated, still looking at the portrait.

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. ART GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the f.g., Scottie is seated in his grey sedan. We see beyond him in the distance, the green Jaguar and the back-lit columns of the gallery courtyard. Presently, the small figure of Madeleine appears. She gets into her car and starts to drive off. Scottie starts up his engine. His car moves across the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY)

The two cars moving along through a poorer section of San Francisco. We see that the houses - many large - are all of wood, shabby, run-down, some almost derelict. The occasional front yard is uncared for; the few people on the street are cheaply dressed. There is a meanness of atmosphere.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar comes to a stop outside a large house, which has seen grander days. Obviously an old San Francisco residence, it is now become an apartment hotel. A long flight of steps from the street, leads to the front door, which has a semicircular canopy supported by columns.

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Madeleine gets out and ascends the stairs toward the hotel entrance; she is still carrying the posy of flowers.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Scottie's car pulls into the curb. He gets out and stands on the sidewalk and looks ahead of him. He walks forward out of the picture.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Scottie walking along the sidewalk casually. The green car is at the curb at the left of the stairs to the hotel. He strolls up until he reaches the green car.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING over the green car, we see Scottie hovering around the bottom of the steps. There is no sign of Madeleine. She has obviously gone in by this time. Scottie turns and examines the facade of the hotel and over his shoulder, the CAMERA PANS up over the building where we see the name, in worn black lettering under the top cornice.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie turns away from the hotel and glances in the direction of the car. He then turns and ponders what his next move should be. No looks back at the hotel. Suddenly, his eye catches sight of something. He hastens over to conceal himself by the entrance wall, the CAMERA PANNING him. His eyes go up again.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see Madeleine appear in the corner second storey window. She is glancing out casually, as she takes off the jacket of her suit. She turns into the room again.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie is really puzzled by this appearance. He thinks for a while and then, making up his mind, starts to go up the steps, the CAMERA PANNING him. We see him reach the top stop and make for the front door.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie waits a slight moment, and then, bracing him himself, opens the door and passes through.

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INT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie comes through the door closes it behind him. He looks around.

INT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL LOBBY - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint, we see most of the lobby. There is a small reception desk with a key rack to one side, but the strongest and most immediate impact is one of greenery, of foliage. Scattered about the lobby in profusion are tall-standing patted rubber plants and philodendron. Scottie stands and stares. There is no one to be seen, no sign of life. Then we see a leaf of a rubber plant move, and move again, a hand appears, seemingly caressing it, and then we hear a woman's voice.

MANAGERESS
Yes?

Scottie looks in that direction, and the woman moves out from behind the plant. She is a small, gentle, elderly lady with white hair, motherly and smiling, with bright, eager eyes.

MANAGERESS
Is there something I can do for you?

SCOTTIE
Yes ... you run this hotel.

MANAGERESS
Oh, yes!

SCOTTIE
Would you tell me, who has the room on the second floor in the corner, that corner?

MANAGERESS
(Brightly)
Oh, I'm afraid we couldn't give out information of that sort. Our clients are entitled to their privacy, you know. And I do believe it's against the law! Of course, I don't think any of them would mind, really, but still I would have to know who you are, and ask --

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By now Scottie has got out his wallet and has shown his badge, and the sight of it makes bar stop abruptly, and for a moment her face hardens and is not a bit motherly. But then she recovers her innocent brightness.

MANAGERESS
Oh, dear! Has she done something wrong?

SCOTTIE
Please answer my question.

MANAGERESS
I can't imagine that sweet girl with that dear face --

SCOTTIE
(Urgently)
What is her name?

MANAGERESS
Valdes. Miss Valdes.
(Pause. Then, brightly)
It's Spanish, you know.

SCOTTIE
(Slowly)
Carlotta Valdes?

MANAGERESS
Yes, that's it. Sweet name, isn't it? Foreign. But sweet.

SCOTTIE
(Holding in)
How long has she had the room?

MANAGERESS
Oh, it must be two weeks. Yes, the rent's due tomorrow.

SCOTTIE
Does she sleep here? Ever?

MANAGERESS
No... she only comes to sit. Two or three times a week. And I never ask questions, you know. As long as they're well behaved. I must say that I've wondered --

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SCOTTIE
(Cutting her off)
When she comes down, don't say that I've been here.

And he turns away to go, wondering.

MANAGERESS
(Brightly)
Oh, but she hasn't been here today.

Scottie whirls back on her.

SCOTTIE
I saw bar come in five minutes. ago.

MANAGERESS
Oh, no! She hasn't been here at all! I would have seen her, you know. I've been right here all the time, putting olive oil on my rubber plant leaves!

Scottie stares at her smiling, innocent face. She looks over at the key rack.

MANAGERESS
And there! There you see? Her key is on the rack!

SCOTTIE
(Heavily)
Would you please go and look?

MANAGERESS
In her room? Well, yes, of course if you ask. But it does seem silly...

She puts down the can of olive oil and the sponge, and gets out her passkey. She goes up the stairs. Scottie watches her go, than stares down at the can of olive oil, stares at the rubber plant, and waits, and looks up the stairs.

MANAGERESS (Her Voice)
(Brightly)
Oh, Mr. Detective! Would you like to come and look?

Scottie starts up the stairs on the ran.

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INT. LANDING OF SECOND FLOOR - (DAY)

The Manageress stands near the open door. Scottie brushes past her and stands on the threshold.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - (DAY)

We are looking at the room over the shoulders of Scottie and the woman. It is empty. Scottie crosses to the window and looks down. From his viewpoint we see the empty space at the street curb where stood Madeleine's Jaguar.

SCOTTIE
Her car is gone.

MANAGERESS
What car?

He turns a to look at her sweet, smiling face, then turns back to stare down out of the window in bewilderment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY)

Scottie's sedan pulls up in the foreground, the building in the distance. He looks across. There, half concealed around the corner of the small car park, is the green Jaguar. Scottie strolls over, inspects the cars, then looks inside. On the seat is the small nosegay bought at Podesta's and carried to the cemetery.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Midge is at work on a nightgown ad. The phonograph is playing softly: probably Bach, probably harpsichord, probably Landowska. Scottie walks in, and Midge looks up, startled.

SCOTTIE
Midge, who do you know that's an authority an San Francisco history?

He walks over and turns the phonograph off, either here or a bit later.

MIDGE
Now, that's the kind of greeting a girl likes.
(more)

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MIDGE (cont'd)
None of this "hello you look wonderful" stuff. Just a good straight "who do you know" --

SCOTTIE
(breaking in)
Well, who? Come on, you know everybody.

MIDGE
Professor Saunders, over in Berkeley.

SCOTTIE
Not that kind of history. The small stuff! About people you never heard of!

MIDGE
Oh! You mean Gay Old Bohemian Days of Gay Old San Francisco! The juicy stories? Like who shot who in the Embarcadero August, 1879?

SCOTTIE
Yeah.

MIDGE
Pop Leibel.

SCOTTIE
Who?

MIDGE
Pop Leibel owns the Argosy Book Shop. What do you want to know?

SCOTTIE
Who shot who in the Embarcadero in August, 1879.

Starts for the door fast.

MIDGE
Wait a minute! You're not a detective any more. What's going on?

SCOTTIE
(Pausing)
Do you know him well?

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MIDGE
Pop Leibel? Sure.

SCOTTIE
All right, come on. Introduce me. Where is your hat?

He looks about for it.

MIDGE
(Speeding to the door)
I don't need a hat. Johnny, what's it about?

She speeds right on through the open door.

SCOTTIE
I'll tell you later. Wait a minute!

He races out after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARGOSY BOOK SHOP - (DUSK)

It is old, it is misty, it is filled with old books, but the important thing to note is that it is filled with memorabilia of California pioneer days: on the walls are not only the familiar old maps and prints but also, and more striking, such things as framed old mining claims, posters describing outlaws wanted by the law, Wells Fargo Pony Express Posters; and on the shelves, old whiskey bottles, gold-mining pans, and such. The proprietor, Pop Leibel, is staring with a nodding smile at the piece of paper Scottie has handed him, and Scottie watches him keenly. In the bag, Midge wanders about the shop, inspecting the prints on the wall, but always listening.

POP LEIBEL
Yes ... the Beautiful Carlotta ... the Sad Carlotta....

SCOTTIE
What does a big old wooden house on the corner of Eddy and Gough Street have to do with her?

POP LEIBEL
It was hers. It was built for her. Many years ago.

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SCOTTIE
By whom?

POP LEIBEL
By ... no ... the name I do not remember. A rich man, a powerful man. It is not an unusual story. She came from somewhere small, to the south of the city ... some say from a mission settlement ... young, yes; very young. And she was found singing and dancing in a cabaret by the man ... wait ... wait ... Ives! His name was Ives! Yes. And he took her and built for her this great house in the Western Addition ... and there was a child. Yes. This was it. The child.

Scottie hangs on his words. Pop looks up at him and smiles.

POP LEIBEL
And now, fragments, you understand. I cannot tell you how much time passed, or how much happiness there was. But then he threw her away. He had no other children; his wife had no children. He kept the child and threw her away. Men could do that in those days. They had the power ... and the freedom. And she became the Sad Carlotta. Alone in the great house ... walking the streets alone, her clothes becoming old and patched and dirty ... the Mad Carlotta ... stopping people in the streets to ask, "Where is my child? ... have you seen my child?"....

The store has darkened considerably and all the figures are practically silhouettes. The CAMERA picks up a CLOSE SHOT OF MIDGE, listening intently, her head turned away from the wall toward the old man. And on the wall near her head is a print of mission San Juan Bantista as it was in the old days.

MIDGE
The poor thing....

SCOTTIE
And she died....

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POP LEIBEL
She died.

SCOTTIE
How?

POP LEIBEL
By her own hand.
(Pause. Smiles as sadly)
There are many such stories.

SCOTTIE
Thank you, Mr. Leibel. Thank you very much.

Forgetting Midge, he turns and walks out of the store fast, deep in thought.

MIDGE
Hey, wait a minute! So long, Pop! Thanks a lot!

She dashes out after Scottie.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ARGOSY BOOK SHOP - (DUSK)

Midge catches up with Scottie and stops him by grabbing his arm.

MIDGE
Now then, Johnny-O; pay me.

SCOTTIE
For what?

MIDGE
For bringing you here. Come on, tell!

SCOTTIE
Nothing to tell.

MIDGE
You'll tell, or you'll be back in that corset! Come on!

SCOTTIE
I'll take you home.

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He starts off with long strides, and Midge hurries after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (EARLY EVENING) - LONG SHOT

Scottie's car draws up and comes to a stop.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (EARLY EVENING) - MEDIUM TWO SHOT

Scottie and Midge are looking straight ahead.

SCOTTIE
Here you are.

MIDGE
You haven't told me everything.

SCOTTIE
I've told you enough.

MIDGE
Who's the guy, who's the wife?

SCOTTIE
Out. I've got things to do.

MIDGE
I know. The one who phoned. Your old college chum, Elster.

SCOTTIE
Out!

MIDGE
And the idea is that the Beautiful Mad Carlotta has come back from the dead, to take possession of Elster's wife? Ah, Johnny! Come on!

SCOTTIE
(Angrily)
I'm not telling you what I think! I'm telling you what he thinks!

MIDGE
Well, what do <u>you</u> think?

Scottie is troubled, lost in thought. Pause.

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MIDGE
Is she pretty?

SCOTTIE
Carlotta?

MIDGE
(Evenly)
No, not Carlotta. Elster's wife.

SCOTTIE
Mmm, yeah, I guess....

Midge looks up at him from the corners of her eyes.

MIDGE
(Wickedly)
I think I'll go take a look at that portrait.
(With a bright smile)
Bye!

She opens the car door quickly and jumps out.

SCOTTIE
(Outraged)
Midge!

MIDGE
Bye-bye!

She slams the car door and runs into the house. Scottie glares after her for a moment, then his face relaxes, and he is lost in thought. He reaches into the glove compartment of the car and draws out the catalogue of the permanent collection of the Palace of the Legion of Honor. He opens it to a page and stares down.

INSERT - THE REPRODUCTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAVIN ELSTER'S CLUB - (NIGHT)

Elster and Scottie are seated in the lounge of a San Francisco Club - there are one or two members reading newspapers, etc., while a waiter moves by in the background serving drinks. Elster is studying the reproduction of the portrait of Carlotta in the catalogue that Scottie procured from the gallery.

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The waiter leans in and places two drinks before them. Scottie watches Elster, waiting for him, to speak. Finally:

ELSTER
(With a wan smile)
You've done well, Scottie. You're good at your job.

SCOTTIE
That's Carlotta Valdes.

ELSTER
Yes.

SCOTTIE
There are things you didn't tell me.

ELSTER
I didn't know where she was going to lead you.

SCOTTIE
But you knew about this.

ELSTER
Oh, yes. You noticed the way she does her hair.

He places a finger on the reproduction of the portrait to indicate the bun at the back of the neck. Scottie nods.

ELSTER
Something else. My wife, Madeleine, has several pieces of jewelry that belonged to Carlotta. She inherited them. Never wore them, they were too old-fashioned...until now. Now, when she is alone, she gets them out and looks at them handles them gently, curiously ... puts them on and stares at herself in the mirror ... and goes into that other world ... is someone else again.

SCOTTIE
Carlotta Valdes was what: your wife's grandmother?

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ELSTER
Great-grandmother. The child who was taken from her whose loss drove Carlotta mad and to her death - was Madeleine's grandmother.

SCOTTIE
(Confidently)
Well, that explains it. Anyone could develop an obsession for the past, with a background like that.

ELSTER
But she doesn't know, about her background.
(As Scottie stares, narrowly)
She never heard of Carlotta Valdes.

SCOTTIE
Knows nothing of a grave out at Mission Dolores, or an old house an Eddy Street, or a portrait at the Palace of the Legion of Honor?

ELSTER
Nothing.

SCOTTIE
And when she goes to those places...

ELSTER
She is not my wife.

The two men stare at each other directly, honestly.

SCOTTIE
How do you know all these things she doesn't know?

ELSTER
Her mother told me most of then before she died. I dug out the rest for myself, here.

SCOTTIE
Why did she never tell her daughter?

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ELSTER
Natural fear. Her grandmother went insane and took her own life. And the blood is in Madeleine.
(Pause)
Scottie, I ask you to watch her closely.

Scottie raises his glass and drinks slowly, thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The columns of the courtyard are back lit by the sun. There is no sign of life. Near the steps, standing alone and empty, is the green Jaguar.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE ART GALLERY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

SHOOTING through the columns in the foreground, our view of the room is obscured momentarily by an elderly couple moving toward the door. They go by to reveal Scottie standing by a Rodin sculpture, looking into the room, and far beyond him, at the end of the room, Madeleine seated on the bench before the portrait staring at it. In her hand, resting at her side on the bench, is once again the nosegay. Now she rises and approaches the portrait and stands before it, the nosegay clasped in her two hands before her, and stares up almost as though in votive offering or in prayer. Finally she turns and starts toward the entrance. Scottie slips away out of sight. Madeleine walks slowly toward the CAMERA.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Madeleine approaches the green Jaguar, gets in, and the car starts away. Scottie's car moves into the scene, following,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEA CLIFF DRIVE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

We see the green Jaguar proceeding, the grey sedan at a careful distance behind.

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Beyond, looking northeast we see the Golden Gate Bridge in the late afternoon sun, and Richmond and Berkeley in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (SUNSET)

Scottie carefully looking ahead.

EXT. PRESIDIO DRIVE - (SUNSET)

Madeleine's car approaches along the drive to the gates of the Presidio, and passes through the gates and is swallowed by the trees. Scottie's car follows, and it, too, disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESIDIO - (SUNSET)

The two cars driving along the wooded road.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (SUNSET)

Scottie looking ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT POINT - (SUNSET)

Scottie's car is traveling down the slope toward the jutting point of old Fort Winfield Scott. It comes to a stop in the level clearing. The green Jaguar stands there, empty.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie gets out of his car and looks off out of picture.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - LONG SHOT

Madeleine walking away round the dockside. The vast bridge towers above her. She carries the nosegay. Scottie moves into the f.g., and makes off in the same direction. Madeleine disappears round the corner of the old fort wall. Now she is out of sight, we see Scottie quicken his pace as he approaches the corner of the fort wall.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING back, we see Scottie approach the wall and peer cautiously around.

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EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see Madeleine standing at the waters' edge. She is mechanically tearing off the lace-edged paper from the nosegay.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

Scottie watching her curiously.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Madeleine lets the paper drift away down to the water. She proceeds to unwind the wire around the flowers and begins to scatter them an the water.

CLOSE SHOT OF FLOWERS FLOATING ON THE WATER

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

Scottie watching Madeleine.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The full figure of Madeleine, scattering the rest of the flowers. Then she raises her head and stares up at the sky. A moment in which her body seem poised, and then she is gone, lost to view in the water.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - LONG SHOT

Scottie dashes around the wall and the CAMERA PANS him to the water's edge. He is throwing his coat off.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

SHOOTING down into the water, we see Madeleine's upturned face as she floats away. She disappears now and again.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

SCOTTIE, running down the few stone steps towards the water. When the water is up to his knees, he swims out towards her.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP MADELEINE

Her eyes staring, sinks beneath the water. She is surrounded by the scattered flowers. Scottie swims in and grabs her.

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EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

As he holds her, the two heads are pressed together. He turns and starts to swim back with her. The screen is filled with their two heads. Madeleine's staring eyes begin to close as she is moved away.

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie coming up some stone steps. He is staggering with the weight of Madeleine's water-soaked body and clothes. He carries her over towards the green Jaguar.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

Resting her for a moment, he throws open the door on the passenger's side.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET)

Scottie's head is close to hers. She is now breathing heavily.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
Are you all right?

Her eyes open slowly

SCOTTIE
(Calling softly)
Madeleine....

Her eyes show no sign of recognition or response; they move past his face and stare out. The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN until her head fills the screen. She stares out as though in a trance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

The empty green Jaguar is drawn up at the curb before the red door of a small, well-kept house.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

We are in the living room of a comfortable a bachelor apartment. There is a picture window that looks up to Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill. The room is softly lit. A fire is lit in the fireplace; the logs are blazing well, Scottie, in a pair of grey trousers and an old sweater, is wandering about the room, trying to think things out. Through an open door we can see into a small kitchen where Madeleine's clothes - all of them - hang, on a cord over the electric stove, drying. And through another open door we can see into the bedroom where Madeleine lies, in the larger-than-single bed, under the covers, asleep. She sighs and turns restlessly, and Scottie glances at her from the living-room as he wanders, and then she turns again, and the sigh becomes words, spoken in sleep, and he stops, and listens.

MADELEINE
(Faintly, distantly)
Please ... thank you ... please....

Scottie waits, taut, but there is no more. He starts to turn away and suddenly, still distant, but more clearly:

MADELEINE
(Appealingly)
Where is my child? ... have you seen my child...?

Scottie stiffens with the shock of recognition and his eyes go wide with apprehension staring at the lost, eye-closed, troubled woman in the bed. And at that moment the telephone on the bedside table rings sharply. He makes a dash for it. The ringing brings the woman to with a sharp start, and she instinctively clutches the bedclothes to her chin and raises up a little and stares with wide-eyed fright at the man running towards her. Scottie takes the phone.

SCOTTIE
Yes? ... No, it's all right; I'll call you back. Yes. Yes!

He hangs up, and tries to smile down at Madeleine, who has not moved, but has followed his every move with fright and apprehension.

SCOTTIE
Are you all right?

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No answer, only the eyes staring at him. And then he realizes, with some embarrassment, that she cannot move, that she is naked under the bedclothes, and he reaches across to the dressing gown he has laid out for her on the bed, and moves it closer to her.

SCOTTIE
Oh ... you'll want this....

He gives her a reassuring nod and smile, straightens up and goes to the door, and goes into the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him. And she stares after him as he goes.

In the living room, he moves to the fireplace, puts another log on, and watches it catch. The bedroom door behind him opens, and he turns to face Madeleine.

She has the dressing gown belted tightly around the middle and holds it together with one band at her breast. And she stands there staring at him nervously, frightened, not wanting to admit that she does not know how she came there, but wanting very much to know. And she cannot help herself: knowing her own fears, she has to ask.

MADELEINE
Why am I here? What happened?

SCOTTIE
You....
(Then, not liking the sound of the truth)
.... fell into the Bay.

She puts a hand slowly to her hair, understanding now why it is wet.

SCOTTIE
I dried your hair as well as I could.
But you'd better come here by the fire.

And now, knowing that he dried her hair, she realizes that he must have taken her clothes off, too, and she looks down at her body with deep awareness of her nakedness, and draws the dressing gown more closely to her, and looks back at him with frightened embarrassment. And her head begins to move quickly, the eyes darting about the apartment as though seeking a way of escape, and she sees the clothes hanging in the kitchen. And she looks back to Scottie appealingly.

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SCOTTIE
They're almost at dry. Here. Why don't you come over here?

He pulls a low-stool over before the fire. Madeleine crosses slowly, keeping her eyes always on him, and sinks down on the stool. He smiles a at her companionably.

SCOTTIE
Would you like some coffee?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE
You'd better have some. Or would you rather have a drink?

She shakes her head again. He pours a cup of coffee and places it on the floor next to her, along with a bowl of sugar cubes.

MADELEINE
(Wonderingly)
...fell into the bay....

She looks up at him. He nods.

MADELEINE
... and you fished me out...

He nods. She gives him a small grateful smile.

MADELEINE
Thank you.

Scottie is watching her intently.

SCOTTIE
You don't remember.

MADELEINE
No...

SCOTTIE
Do you remember where you were?

MADELEINE
(Childishly surprised)
Oh, of course I remember that! But then I must have had a dizzy spell, and fainted!

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SCOTTIE
(Quickly)
Where were you?

MADELEINE
At....

For that one slight, imperceptible moments it may seem that she is caught, but then she goes on.

MADELEINE
(Triumphantly)
....Old Port Point! Out at the Presidio! Of course I remember! I often go there!

SCOTTIE
Why?

MADELEINE
(Almost naively)
Because I love it so. It's beautiful there. Especially at sunset.
(She leans her head back sensually to the warmth)
Ah ... thank you for the fire.

SCOTTIE
Where had you been before?

MADELEINE
When?

SCOTTIE
This afternoon.

MADELEINE
Oh ... wandering about.

SCOTTIE
Where? Where had you been <u>just</u> before?

There is a quick moment of blankness in her eyes that she tries to hide, and then:

MADELEINE
(Positively)
Downtown, shopping.

And Scottie sighs inwardly, having proved something.

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SCOTTIE
Please drink your coffee.

MADELEINE
I will. You're terribly direct in your questions.

SCOTTIE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude.

MADELEINE
You're not. Merely direct. What were you doing there? At Old Fort Point?

SCOTTIE
Wandering about.

MADELEINE
You like it, too.

He nods. She smiles at him happily, enjoying the warmth and the coffee, enjoying his presence, seemingly almost to have forgotten her nearness to death. And Scottie is fascinated by this thing curled up before his fire.

MADELEINE
(Then with a wicked smile)
And where had you been? ... just before?

A moment, as Scottie takes a deep breath, and then he decides to chance it and see the reaction.

SCOTTIE
The Palace of the Legion of honor. The Art Gallery.

MADELEINE
(Enthusiastically)
Oh, that's a lovely spot, isn't it? I've never been inside. But it looks so lovely, driving past.

At the words, "I've never been inside," Scottie is startled. He stares at her, and she looks at him with naive, happy inquisitiveness, and their looks are joined. Finally she drops her eyes and smiles timidly.

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MADELEINE
(Softly)
Lucky for me you were wandering about. Thank you again. I've been terrible bother to you.

SCOTTIE
No.

She reaches up to feel her hair.

MADELEINE
When you ...
(And suddenly conscious of her nakedness again, and embarrassed)
There were pins in my hair....

SCOTTIE
Oh! Yes! Here!

He crosses the room swiftly, picks up an ash tray in which he had deposited her hairpins, takes her handbag from a chair, and brings them to her.

MADELEINE
Thank you.

She proceeds to do up her hair. He watches her, held by the movement of her body under the dressing gown as she raises her arms and deftly sets about putting her hair in order. At one point, as she works, she looks up and flashes him a direct smile.

MADELEINE
You shouldn't have brought me here, you know.

SCOTTIE
I ... didn't know where you lived.

MADELEINE
You could have looked in my car. Oh, but you didn't know my car, did you?

SCOTTIE
Yes, I knew which one it was. It's out there, now. But I didn't think you'd want to be brought home that way.

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MADELEINE
No, you are right,
(Pause, as she works)
I'm glad you didn't take me home ... I wouldn't have known you, to thank you ...
(Suddenly appalled)
Oh, but I don't know you! And you don't know me! My name is Madeleine Elster.

SCOTTIE
My name is John Ferguson.

MADELEINE
That's a good, strong name. Do your friends call you John? Or Jack.

SCOTTIE
John. Old friends. Acquaintances call me Scottie.

MADELEINE
(Smiling)
I shall call you Mr. Ferguson.

SCOTTIE
(Grinning)
No, I wouldn't like that. And after what happened today I should think you could call me Scottie. Or even John.

MADELEINE
I prefer John. There, that's done.
(The hair is in order)
And what do you do, John?

SCOTTIE
Wander about.

MADELEINE
That's a good occupation. And live here ... alone?

He nods. A cloud comes over her eyes. She looks away.

MADELEINE
(softly)
One shouldn't live alone.

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SCOTTIE
Some people prefer it.

MADELEINE
No ... it's wrong.

Then she looks up with a small smile, and the cloud is gone from her eyes, and she speaks completely matter-of-factly.

MADELEINE
(Simply)
I'm married, you know.

Scottie nods almost imperceptibly with his eyes. He looks at her for a long moment. Then:

SCOTTIE
Will you tell me something? Has this ever happened to you before?

MADELEINE
(startled)
What?

SCOTTIE
...Falling ... into San Francisco Bay?

She laughs with relief, for it seemed to her, for a quick moment, that he was going to say "falling in love".

MADELEINE
No, never before. I've fallen into lakes, out of rowboats, when I was a little girl. And I fell into a river, once, trying to leap from one stone to another. But I've never fallen into San Francisco Bay. Have you? Ever before?

SCOTTIE
(Grinning)
No ... this is the first time for me, too.

And they laugh together, with genuine warmth and friendliness in their eyes, and it is obvious they are very much taken with each other. And as they laugh, simultaneously, she reaches for the cup of coffee, to take another sip, and he reaches for it, meaning to take it and refill it.

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SCOTTIE
Here, let me give you a lit --

And his hand falls on her outstretched arm and stays there, and with the contact made, the laughter dies suddenly, and he is looking down at her intently, and their eyes have met, and hers are anxious and wondering. And at that moment, the telephone rings sharply. Scottie races into the bedroom, closing the door behind him, and gets to the phone.

SCOTTIE
Hello.

ELSTER'S VOICE
Scottie, what happened? She's not home, yet.

SCOTTIE
No, she's all right. She's still here. But I'll get her home soon.

ELSTER'S VOICE
What happened?

SCOTTIE
She ... went into the Bay.

There is a long silence.

SCOTTIE
Hello?

ELSTER'S VOICE
Did she hurt herself?

SCOTTIE
No. She's in fine shape. Nothing to worry about. But she doesn't know. You understand that. She doesn't know what she did.

Another long silence.

ELSTER'S VOICE
Scottie ... Madeleine is twenty-six. Carlotta Valdes committed suicide when she was twenty-six.

And now it is Scottie's turn to be silent. He hangs up slowly and moves across the room to the door.

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INT. THE LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie enters from the bedroom, and stops, surprised. The room is empty. The clothes are gone from the in the kitchen.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

A car is moving down the hill on the opposite side of the street. It begins to turn in toward the sidewalk and then comes to a sudden stop.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Midge is behind the wheel. She is staring out of the side of the window and we see what has made her come to a sudden stop.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

From Midge's point of view; Madeleine, outside Scottie's door, hurries to the green Jaguar.

INT. MIDGE'S CAR - (NIGHT)

Midge watches Madeleine almost wistfully, and there is a small look of hurt in her eyes. But even to herself she has to cover, and she smiles ironically.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The Jaguar pulls away and passes out of view.

INT. MIDGE'S CAR - (NIGHT)

Midge is still staring across at Scottie's house, and the soft smile on her lips covers the hurt well. But there is still a shadow of it in her eyes.

MIDGE
(Softly)
well, now, Johnny-O ... Was it a ghost? ... And was it fun?....

Then she suddenly changes expression.

MIDGE
Oops!

She takes her foot off the brake, and turning hard on the wheel, straightens the car up and drives on.

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EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The door to Scottie's apartment has opened, and Scottie stands in the doorway looking up and down the street for the Jaguar, his tall frame silhouetted in the light streaming from the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is SHOOTING through the stone gateway across the small courtyard toward the front door of the apartments. We see Madeleine emerge. She is dressed completely different from the night before. She makes her way down to the Jaguar in the f.g. She gets in, starts up and swings the car round toward the CAMERA. She passes out of the picture.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Across the street, we see Scottie's sedan pull out and also approach the CAMERA. It too, passes out of the picture.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie sitting at the wheel driving ahead. His eyes are satisfied. They hold Madeleine's car in view.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We see the Jaguar ahead. It turns a left down another street. It goes for a block and turns right. Then it turns left again, than it turns right, then it turns left again.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looks a little dizzy with the constant turning. We stay with him a little while and we can see from the scene behind him, that we are still turning left and right.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The Jaguar speeds up. It's going down a street, not turning any more. A few blocks off, we can see the Coit Tower coming into view.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie seem a little mystified now, as the direction in which she is going.

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The Jaguar turns right into a narrow curving street and finally comes to a sudden stop ahead.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie now wears a look of great astonishment, as he pulls up hurriedly in the middle of the street.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoints, we see the reason for his astonishment. Madeleine has alighted and is approaching, of all places, toward his own red front door.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie pulls his car over to the curb and gets out. The CAMERA PANS him down. He stops short just before he reaches Madeleine, to see her take a letter from her handbag and put it into his letter box. He moves up to her.

SCOTTIE
Is that for me?

Madeleine turns quickly, startled, and then sees who it is, and smiles.

MADELEINE
Oh! Yes. Hello.

SCOTTIE
Good morning. I worried about you, last night. You shouldn't have run like that.

MADELEINE
(Embarrassed)
I ... suddenly felt such a fool.

SCOTTIE
I wanted to drive you home. Are you all right?

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MADELEINE
(Flashing a smile)
Oh, yes. Fine. No after effects.
(Then, ruefully)
But as I remember now, that water was cold, wasn't it?
(He nods. She looks away)
What a terrible thing to do ... and you were so kind...
(With a gesture)
It's a formal thank-you letter. And a great big apology.

SCOTTIE
You've nothing to apologize for.

MADELEINE
Oh, yes! The whole thing must have been so embarrassing for you!

SCOTTIE
Not at all, I enjoyed --

And he stops short, now truly embarrassed, and she looks at him with wide eyes, waiting for him to go on.

SCOTTIE
-- talking to you...

MADELEINE
(With small, contained amusement)
I enjoyed talking to you.

An awkward pause. Scottie turns abruptly to the door, getting out his key.

SCOTTIE
I'll get my mail....

He opens the door and bends down to pick up the letter. As he is reaching for it, he turns his head and speaks almost without thinking.

SCOTTIE
Would you like some coffee?

MADELEINE
(Quickly)
No! No, thank you!

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She says it so impulsively, and with such young vehemence, that they both start to laugh. He straightens up and opens the letter.

MADELEINE
I couldn't mail it; I didn't know your address. But I had a landmark. I remembered Coit Tower and it led me straight to you.

SCOTTIE
The first time I've been grateful for Coit Tower.

He reads the letter as she watches him. He looks up.

SCOTTIE
I hope we will, too.

MADELEINE
What?

SCOTTIE
Meet again, sometime.

MADELEINE
We have.

They smile at one another, and there is a nice moment of silent rapport. Then:

MADELEINE
Good-bye.

SCOTTIE
Good-bye.

She turns and goes to her car as he stands watching her, and gets in behind the wheel.

SCOTTIE
(Suddenly walking)
Where are you going?

And he races to the car and leans in the window. She watches him, open-mouthed, as he crosses the sidewalk. Then:

MADELEINE
I don't know.

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SCOTTIE
Shopping?

MADELEINE
No.

SCOTTIE
Well ... anywhere in particular?

MADELEINE
No, I Just thought I'd wander.

SCOTTIE
Ah.
(Then)
That's what I was going to do.

MADELEINE
Oh, yes, I forgot: It's your occupation, isn't it?

And she waits with a small smile.

SCOTTIE
Don't you think it's sort of a waste for the two of us to...

MADELEINE
Wander separately? Ah, but only one is a wanderer. Two, together, are always going somewhere.

SCOTTIE
No ... no, I don't think that's necessarily true.

And now he waits, hopefully.

MADELEINE
(With a smiling nod)
You left your door open.

He turns his head, startled and annoyed, than makes a dash for the door. As he goes, he turns his head to call back to her.

SCOTTIE
Don't move!

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And he hurries on to the door. She watches him go, and we are close on her face to see her genuine amusement, and then the laughter fades a little, and a troubled look comes into her eyes, a touch of concern.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALONG SKYLINE - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar moving south.

INT. THE JAGUAR - (DAY)

Madeleine is at the wheel, her eyes intent on the road, a sort, happy smile on her lips. Scottie is at her side, relaxed. He keeps looking at her as often as he can without seeming obvious.

SCOTTIE
(Finally)
Do you know where you're going?

MADELEINE
Of course not! I'm a wanderer!
(Pause. Then brightly)
I'd like to go somewhere I've never been!

SCOTTIE
How can you be sure?

MADELEINE
If I've been there? That's silly! Either you've been to a place or you haven't.

She flashes a quick smile of innocence at him, then returns her eyes to the road. He looks at her profile, wondering.

EXT. SKYLINE DRIVE - (DAY) - HIGH SHOT

The car turns a bend and approaches dark woods and moves into the blackness and is swallowed up.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG BASIN REDWOODS STATE PARK - (DAY)

The empty Jaguar in the foreground. The CAMERA MOVES to a long view of the grove of redwoods.

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In the distance we see the figures of Madeleine and Scottie wandering among the towering trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE REDWOODS - (DAY)

Madeleine and Scottie near the massive trunk of a tree. Beyond them, the small stream, bridged by a wide flattened redwood log.

MADELEINE
How old?

SCOTTIE
Oh ... some, two thousand years, or more.

MADELEINE
The oldest living things?

Scottie nods and watches her, wondering, as she looks about thoughtfully.

SCOTTIE
You've never been here before.

She shakes her head, lost in thought as she lets her gaze wander among the trees.

SCOTTIE
What are you thinking?

MADELEINE
(Searching)
Of all the people who have been born ... and have died ... while the trees went on living.

SCOTTIE
(Agreeing)
Their true name is Sequoia Sempervirens: always green, ever-living.

MADELEINE
(Flatly)
I don't like them.

SCOTTIE
Why?

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MADELEINE
(Simply)
Knowing I have to die....

She looks up at him with a shy, embarrassed smile. Then, seeing the wandering look in his eyes, she brightens quickly.

MADELEINE
But I like the stream! It's a lovely stream!

She leaves him and moves quickly out onto the bridge and loans on the railing to watch the water rippling below. And then, as he approaches her, she turns and looks at him, wide-eyed.

MADELEINE
But it makes no sound! Listen!

She listens intensely for a long moment, and looks at him anxiously.

MADELEINE
Do you hear anything?

SCOTTIE
(Shaking his head)
Only silence. It's always like this.

MADELEINE
(Wondering)
And no birds sing.

SCOTTIE
No birds live here.

MADELEINE
No.

She turns away with gentle, somber, self-contained wonder, and they cross back to the path in silence, and wander on along the path in silence. We watch them move away in the distance, disappear behind a tree, then come into view again, and now there comes into view the cross-section of a redwood tree that is on exhibit, with certain of its rings marked to show what it has lived through, and they approach it.

SCOTTIE
Would you like a drink of water?

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MADELEINE
No, thank you.

Scottie moves to the small upright drinking fountain as Madeleine approaches the tree section and stands before it and studies it. Scottie gets a drink of water, then comes up behind Madeleine and stands, and she is seemingly unaware of his presence. Their backs are to the CAMERA.

INSERT OF RINGS on the tree, marked with dates, beginning, near the center with the date 909 A.D. and ending with 1930 - tree cut down.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

We see the two profiles: Madeleine staring at the tree, Scottie staring at Madeleine. She raises one gloved hand and almost idly begins to trace a finger up along the white line that is marked: 1776 DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. And as the hand moves a little to the left, Madeleine begins to speak, almost vacantly, oblivious of all but this piece of tree, and herself.

MADELEINE
Somewhere in here I was born ... and here I died and it was only a moment for you ... you took no notice....

SCOTTIE
(Almost sharply)
Madeleine!

She turns her head to him, only now aware of his presence, and stares at him without expression. Then slowly she turns and walks away, and the CAMERA, PANNING HER SLIGHTLY, brings the head and shoulders of Scottie into the foreground, and he watches her, wondering anxiously, trying to put things together in his mind. Madeleine walks on until she disappears behind one of the distant redwoods.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie moves over, watching her.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES OVER as though it is Scottie looking. It MOVES far enough to reveal that Madeleine is no longer there. She seems to have disappeared.

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EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie comes forward, the CAMERA PANNING him, to get a better view of where Madeleine went.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA in Scottie's position, moving around, shows that there is no sign of Madeleine whatsoever.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA DOLLIES Scottie down toward the trees.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

CAMERA is now among the trees where Madeleine was last seen. As it TRAVELS across them, it finally brings her into view. She's leaning against a tree with her head bent back.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie comes to a stop as he sees her.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Madeleine leaning against the tree. Her eyes are closed and she is breathing heavily. In the background we see Scottie approaching her. As he comes up to her, the CAMERA EASES BACK and MOVES AROUND until it faces her and Scottie.

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
Madeleine....

She opens her eyes slowly, and looks at him, recognizing him, and yet not quite, as though she were slightly hypnotized. Scottie speaks gently.

SCOTTIE
Where are you now?

MADELEINE
(Softly, distantly)
Here with you.

SCOTTIE
Where?

MADELEINE
The tall trees....

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SCOTTIE
Have you been here before?

MADELEINE
Yes....

SCOTTIE
When?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE
Where were you born?

MADELEINE
Long ago....

SCOTTIE
Where?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE
When?

Her head continues to move back and forth, gently denying. His voice is more positive, now, more urgently demanding.

SCOTTIE
Tell me.

The head moves more rapidly, now, as though denying some inner compulsion.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine! Tell me!

The rapidly moving head stops short, and her eyes open wide, and she cries out:

MADELEINE
No! ... No!

SCOTTIE
(Low and urgent)
Tell me what it is. Where do you go?
What takes you away?

MADELEINE
No, don't ask me!

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They are both speaking quickly, now, the words cascading without pause.

SCOTTIE
When you jumped in the bay, you didn't know where you were. You guessed but you didn't know.

MADELEINE
I didn't jump, I fell! You told me I fell!

SCOTTIE
Why did you jump?

MADELEINE
No!

SCOTTIE
What was it inside that told you to jump?

She is fighting it strongly, yet pathetically.

MADELEINE
No, I can't tell you!

SCOTTIE
What?!

MADELEINE
(Strongly)
No! Please! Please, please, please, please, don't ask me!

And her head drops, and she sags, and Scottie stands quietly watching her, knowing he can push it no further.

MADELEINE
(Softly, tired)
Take me away from here?

SCOTTIE
Home?

MADELEINE
...somewhere in the light.

He takes her arm. She looks up at him with a tired smile.

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MADELEINE
And promise you won't ask me again. Please promise me that.

He looks down at her somberly, promising and refusing nothing. They start walking, holding together, and the two figures become small in the distance, moving away through the tall trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYPRESS POINT OR POINT LOBOS - (DAY) SAME DAY.

Below the point of land, the sea pounds against the rocks. Madeleine stands alone, silhouetted against the sky. Scottie sits in the car, watching her. She does not move. Then slowly she starts to walk toward the sea, and as he watches he senses, without being sure, that her pace is increasing, and suddenly he opens the car door and jumps out and slams the door and begins to run. But then he sees something, and slows down quickly and walks, for Madeleine has stopped and turned and is waiting for him. There is a gentle, apologetic smile in her eyes. She waits, and he comes to a stop before her.

MADELEINE
Why did you run?

He looks down at her searchingly.

SCOTTIE
(Finally, quietly)
I'm responsible for you now, you know. The Chinese say that once you have saved someone's life, you are responsible for it forever. And so I'm committed. And I have to know.

MADELEINE
And you'll go on saving me? Again and again?

He waits. She looks down.

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MADELEINE
There is so little I know. It is as though I were walking down a long corridor that once was mirrored, and fragments of mirror still hang there, dark and shadowy, reflecting a dark image of me ... and yet not me ... someone else, in other clothes, of another time, doing things I have never done ... but still me ... And I can't stop to ask why, I must keep on walking. At the and of the corridor there is nothing but darkness, and I know when I walk into the darkness, I'll die.
(Pause; she looks up)
But I've never come to the and; I've always come back, before then. Except once.

SCOTTIE
Yesterday.

She nods.

SCOTTIE
And you didn't know. You didn't know what happened. Until you found yourself there with me.

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE
You don't know where you were.

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE
But the small scenes, the fragments in the mirror: you remember them.

MADELEINE
Vaguely....

SCOTTIE
What do you remember?

MADELEINE
(Searching)
A room ... there is a room, and I sit there alone ... always alone....

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SCOTTIE
Would you know the room?

MADELEINE
No ... it's in shadow.

SCOTTIE
What else?

MADELEINE
A grave....

SCOTTIE
Where?

MADELEINE
I don't know. An open grave. I stand by the gravestone looking down into it. And it's my grave.

SCOTTIE
How do you know?

MADELEINE
I know.

SCOTTIE
There's a name on the gravestone.

MADELEINE
No. It's new and clean, and waiting.

SCOTTIE
(Beginning to feel lost)
What else?

MADELEINE
(Searching)
This part is dream, I think. There is a tower and a bell and... a garden below ... but it seems to be in Spain ... a village in Spain. And then it clicks off, and is gone.

SCOTTIE
A portrait? Do you ever see a portrait?

MADELEINE
No.

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SCOTTIE
Of the woman in the mirror. Would you know her if you saw her?

MADELEINE
But I'm the woman in the mirror!

SCOTTIE
(Desperately)
No!

She looks up at him, rebuffed, desperately lost, and her eyes well with tears. Scottie is looking away, lost in thought.

SCOTTIE
(To himself)
If I could find the key ... find the beginning put it together....

MADELEINE
(Quietly, lost)
And so explain it away? But there is a way to explain it, you see. If I'm mad? That would explain it, wouldn't it?

Scottie looks at her, and her eyes are big with fright and despair and a plea for denial, and suddenly she breaks, and the tears flow, and she turns her head away sharply and turns and runs toward the edge of the land.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine!!

He races after her and catches her and holds her, and she is against him, clinging tightly, deep in his embrace, and sobbing fiercely.

MADELEINE
(Muffled, against his breast)
I'm not mad. I'm not mad. And I don't want to die, but there's someone inside me, there's a somebody else, and she says I must die ... Scottie, don't let me go!

SCOTTIE
I'm here, I've got you....

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MADELEINE
I'm so afraid...
(She looks up)
...you won't let it happen....

Her face is close to his and they are clinging tightly together. He shakes his head, and then suddenly his mouth is on hers, and they are deep in a kiss. Their lips part, but remain close together.

MADELEINE
(Whispering)
Don't leave me ... stay with me...

SCOTTIE
All the time.

They kiss again, passionately. And the wind blows and the waves dash against the rocks, throwing up a curtain of spray.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Outside the terrace darkness is falling, and the lights of the city have come on. In Midge's apartment the lights are on and soft music comes from the radio (possibly "progressive jazz" of the gentle George Shearing kind). Midge is painting at a standing easel; She has a palette; obviously she is painting in oils. We cannot see what she is painting; the canvas on stretchers has its back to us. Its size is about thirty by forty inches. Whatever it is, it seems to please her: she pauses in her work, picks up a highball from a table nearby, drinks and stares at the painting and giggles a little to herself than applies a few more daubs. Now she hears the outside gate slam. She puts down the brush and the drink, moves the easel a bit so that the canvas cannot be seen from the front door, picks up a water tumbler that contains a small nosegay, and hurries out to the kitchen with it. The door to the apartment slams.

SCOTTIE
(Calling)
Midge?

Midge hurries out of the kitchen.

MIDGE
Hi, Johnny! Did you get my message?

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She immediately goes to the small sideboard or table on which are bottles, glasses, and ice, and mixes him a highball. Scottie is at ease. He drops his hat on a chair near the door and wanders into the room.

SCOTTIE
I did. Since when do you go about slipping notes under men's doors?

MIDGE
Since I stopped being able to get them on the phone. For a man who has nothing to do, you're certainly a busy little bee. Where do you go, these days?

SCOTTIE
Just wander.

MIDGE
Where?

SCOTTIE
Around.

MIDGE
Oh?

She hands him the drink. He takes a long pull at it as she watches him.

SCOTTIE
Mm. Better.

MIDGE
Did you need it?

SCOTTIE
Yeah.

MIDGE
Oh?

She crosses the room to get her own drink, giving a flick of a glance at the canvas as she goes. Scottie watches her, slightly amused, knowing that her curiosity is working like mad.

SCOTTIE
What was this desperate urge to see me?

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MIDGE
All I said in the note was: "Where are you?" That doesn't sound desperate to me.

SCOTTIE
Well, I detected an undercurrent.

MIDGE
I just thought if I gave you a drink and fed you some dinner, you'd be so grateful you'd take me to a movie.

SCOTTIE
Fair enough. What'll we talk about at dinner?

MIDGE
Oh ... this and that.

SCOTTIE
What I've been doing?

MIDGE
If you want to. Naturally, we won't talk about anything you don't want to talk about.

SCOTTIE
Naturally.

PAUSE

MIDGE
(Innocently)
What have you been doing?

SCOTTIE
(With small grin)
Wandering.

He takes another long pull and wanders over and sweetens the drink. Midge moves a little to block his view of the easel and canvas.

SCOTTIE
What have you been doing?

He wanders back into the room.

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MIDGE
Oh, I'm having a wonderful time! I've gone back to my first love ... painting.

SCOTTIE
Good. I've always said you were wasting your time in the underwear department.

MIDGE
Well, it's a living. But I'm excited about this.

SCOTTIE
What is it, a still life?

MIDGE
No, not exactly. Want to see?

Scottie moves toward the easel and Midge backs away, so that as he comes around to face the canvas she in beyond him, in back of him. As he moves toward the easel:

MIDGE
As a matter of fact, I thought I might give it to you.

SCOTTIE
(smiling, surprised)
Oh?

And now he comes around to face the easel and stops to look. Beyond him Midge's face has a great smile of anticipation. And now we see what he sees. The CAMERA RESTS on the lower half of the canvas and we see the folds of the blue and gold gown, and the two hands, one holding the nosegay. The CAMERA PANS UP to reveal that it is a hasty but quite creditable copy of the "Portrait of Carlotta", half size, but there is one difference. The face is Midge's face.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Scottie staring at the portrait. Beyond him, Midge smiling with anticipation. Scottie's face is drained and expressionless, and a deep look of sadness and regret comes into his eyes. PAUSE.

SCOTTIE
(Softly)
Not funny, Midge.

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Midge's smile fades. She is puzzled and surprised. Scottie puts down his drink gently and without looking at her, starts for the door.

MIDGE
Johnny!

Scottie takes his hat from the chair and moves on to the door. Midge, completely taken aback, starts for him.

MIDGE
But Johnny, I thought you would --

She breaks off as he turns his head to look at her. He's not at all angry, but disturbed inside and sorry it happened.

SCOTTIE
(Nicely)
We'll make that movie some other night, huh?

And he goes out the door and closes it behind him.

MIDGE
(Desperately apologetic)
But Johnny...!!!

And she stares at the door with a "Well-I'll-be-damned" expression. And now, abruptly, she gets angry at herself.

MIDGE
Ah, no!!

She turns away and moves toward the canvas

MIDGE
Oh! Marjorie Wood!! You fool!!

She stops before the canvas and stares at her face in the portrait. And all her anger at herself comes out in one great blast of scorn.

MIDGE
(At the portrait)
OH!!!!!

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And she picks up a brush and with three vicious daubs paints a moustache and a board on her image. Than she throws the brush out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNION SQUARE - (NIGHT)

It is about 3 a.m. The Square is deserted -- perhaps an odd taxi or car drives by. We see Scottie, a solitary figure, walking. By his attitude, head down, hands thrust into his pockets, we see that he is lost in thought wrestling with his problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (EARLY DAWN)

Scottie is in the easy chair facing the fire asleep. His tie is loosened, his shirt is open at the neck. It is clear that he fell asleep while sitting there thinking of Madeleine, and slept through the night. The fire is almost out. Through the window we can barely distinguish Coit Tower in the beginning of a grey dawn.

The doorbell begins to ring instantly. There is a knocking on the door. Scottie awakens sharply, gathers himself together, hurries to the door and opens it. Madeleine stands there, looking shaken and white and frightened. She is wearing a black suede jacket and black slacks. Behind her, fingers of mist swirl in the lightening day. She stands there staring at him pleadingly.

SCOTTIE
What's the matter? ... What time is it? ... Madeleine, what's happened?

He draws her in and closes the door and leads her into the room.

MADELEINE
(Barely)
I should have phoned ... but I wanted to see you ... be with you...

SCOTTIE
Why? What's happened?

MADELEINE
I had the dream. The dream came back again....

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She is trembling, and he holds her closely.

SCOTTIE
It's all right. You're all right, I'll get you some brandy.

He breaks away to a small cupboard nearby.

MADELEINE
(Sharply)
No, don't go away!

SCOTTIE
Only this far.

He gets out a bottle of brandy and a small glass and uncorks the bottle and pours the brandy as he comes back to her.

SCOTTIE
Here. Straight down, it's medicine.

She takes a sip and puts the glass away.

SCOTTIE
Where's your husband?

MADELEINE
I didn't wake him. I don't want him to know...

She is still shaking.

SCOTTIE
Here, now , it's going to be all right. Here.

He gently pushes her down in the easy chair, turns swiftly and kicks up the fire and throws some wood on. He pulls the low stool up before her, sits on it, and takes her hands.

SCOTTIE
It was a dream, you're awake, you're all right, now. Can you tell me?

MADELEINE
It was the tower again ... and the bell, and the old Spanish village....

SCOTTIE
Yes --

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MADELEINE
But clear ... so very clear ... for the first time ... all of it....

SCOTTIE
Tell me.

MADELEINE
There was a village square, a green with trees ... and an old whitewashed Spanish church with a cloister. Across the green: a big, grey, wooden house with a porch and shutters and a balcony above ... a small garden, and next to it, a livery stable ... with old carriages lined up inside.

Scottie has been listening intently with growing awareness, and now as she mentions the livery stable, his eyes glow with the excitement of recognition.

SCOTTIE
Go on.

MADELEINE
At the end of the green there was a whitewashed stone house with a lovely pepper tree at the corner --

SCOTTIE
(Finishing it)
-- and an old wooden hotel of the old California days, and a saloon ... dark ... low-ceilinged ... with hanging oil lamps.

MADELEINE
Yes?! But --

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
It's all there. It's no dream.

Pause, as she stares at him, puzzled, anxious.

SCOTTIE
You've been there before. You've seen it.

MADELEINE
No, never!

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SCOTTIE
Madeleine, a hundred miles south of San Francisco there's an old Spanish Mission, Mission San Juan Bautista. It's been preserved exactly as it was a hundred years ago as a museum. Now, think hard, darling. You've been there before. You've seen it!

MADELEINE
(Frightened)
No, never! I've never been there! Scottie, what is it? I've never been there!

Long pause as they stare at each other, he desperately trying to think It through, she moved and frightened. He rises and moves away, anxious and shaken.

SCOTTIE
(To himself)
Carlotta....

He shakes his head angrily, fighting the idea. Madeleine watches him anxiously.

SCOTTIE
What was it he said? She came from somewhere south of the city ... some say a mission settlement....

He turns on Madeleine almost desperately.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine, think hard!!

She shakes her head frantically, hopelessly, close to tears. PAUSE.

SCOTTIE
(Quietly)
Go on with your dream. What was it that frightened you?

MADELEINE
I stood alone on the green, searching for something, and I started to walk to the church. But then the darkness closed in, I was alone in the dark, being pulled into darkness, and I fought to wake up....

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She looks at him, frightened again by the memory. He goes to her reassuringly.

SCOTTIE
You're going to be all right now, Madeleine. I've got something to work on now. I'm going to take you there -- to the Mission -- this afternoon. And when you see it, you'll remember when you saw it before, and that will finish your dream and destroy it. I promise. You'll be free.

She looks up at him and tries to smile.

SCOTTIE
All right?

She nods.

SCOTTIE
I'll take you home. If your husband is awake, say you couldn't sleep and went out for some air. And come back to me about noon. Come along.

He raises her to her feet. She smiles up at him gratefully.

MADELEINE
No, I'll go alone. I'm all right.

They stand there for a moment, looking at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY SOUTH OF SAY FRANCISCO - (DAY)

Tall trees line the road on both sides and arch across to meet high above, forming a long shadowy tunnel shot through with streamers of sunlight. We are as though in the front seat, of a car, traveling fast, looking up and ahead to the distant end of the tunnel, and the trees flash by.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - (DAY)

Another angle to show the green Jaguar traveling along the road through the tunnel of trees.

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INT. THE JAGUAR - (DAY)

Madeleine and Scottie; he is at the wheel, staring straight ahead, lost in thought. Madeleine, now smartly-dressed in her grey suit, is staring up at the tunnel of trees. Scottie glances at her. She smiles at him timidly.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - (DAY)

SHOOTING down the road toward the end of the tunnel of trees, and the Jaguar moving away fast. It sets clear of the trees and into daylight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY: A ROAD JUNCTION - (DAY)

Side angle SHOT of the Jaguar as it turns off onto a side road. The CAMERA PANS the car, then loses it as it goes out of the SHOT, and HOLDS on a road sign that reads:

MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA
3 MILES

EXT. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

We are looking along the cloisters, down the long corridor of arches. In the foreground a small sign a standard reads:

EL CAMINO REAL
MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA
FOUNDED JUNE 24, 1797

The music of the Mission theme, mingled with Carlotta's theme, begins to drift in, an evocation of the past; a sighing that grows end seem to have behind it the echo of lost voices calling. The CAMERA MOVES AND EASES AROUND A BIT to look through the arches across the green toward the open side and the valley and the hills beyond. A lone nun is crossing the green to the church. A clock strikes the half hour. The CAMERA PANS to look at the large wooden two-story house on the far side of the green, then the little garden, then the Plaza Livery Stable, and the road alongside. The Jaguar stands there empty. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN along the whitewashed stone Castro House, sees the pepper tree, MOVES along the Plaza Hotel, and comes to REST SHOOTING at the saloon that forms the far corner of the hotel. Three tourists exit from the entrance of the hotel, get into their car. The car moves toward the CAMERA, and goes past, and out of the SHOT. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN to the front door of the saloon. Over the door is a sign: PLAZA HOTEL BAR ROOM.

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On either side of the door are posters proclaiming rewards for the apprehension of bandits who have held up Wells Fargo Express Wagons. The CAMERA SHOOTS THROUGH the open door.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL BAR ROOM - (DAY)

Empty, silent; old pool tables in the foreground, the bar in the background. As the CAMERA SCANS the room:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL FRONT PARLOR - (DAY)

It too is silent and deserted. In the far wall, a fireplace, with an old clock on the mantel. In one corner, small old organ, with a hymnal open on the rack; in the other corner, a Victorian sofa. The flowered rug is faded, the furniture is shabby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - (DAY)

Looking toward the lovely pepper tree and the whitewashed stone Castro Rouse, and the tall eucalyptus tree beyond. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY past the empty Jaguar and come to REST on the dark opening of the Livery Stable and MOVES SLOWLY toward it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

The dark interior of the Livery Stable. The figures of Scottie and Madeleine are seen a little way in. Madeleine is seated in a surrey, while Scottie stands by her.

INT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

Madeleine's eyes are closed. Scottie, leaning against the surrey, looks up at her intently. After moment he calls to her softly.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine...?

She opens her eyes and looks down at him.

SCOTTIE
Where are you now?

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She smiles at him gently.

MADELEINE
(Softly)
Here with you.

SCOTTIE
And it's a all real.

MADELEINE
Yes.

SCOTTIE
(Firmly)
Not merely as it was a hundred years ago. As it was a year ago, or six months ago, whenever you were here to see it.
(Pressing)
Madeleine, think of when you were here!

She looks down at him with, a worried, regretful smile, wishing she could help him. Then she looks away into the distance, and speaks almost at irrelevantly.

MADELEINE
(Dreamily)
There were not so many carriages, then. And there were horses in the stalls; a bay, two black, and a grey. It was her favorite place, but we were forbidden to play here, and Sister Teresa would scold us....

Scottie looks up at her in desperation, then looks about the stable for help. His look scans the carriages and wagons lined against the wall, goes past the old fire truck on which there is a placard proclaiming the world's championship of 1884, and finally stops at a small buggy -- a Bike Wagon -- to which is hitched a full-sized model of a handsome grey horse.

SCOTTIE
Well, now, here!

He races to the horse. On it hangs a sign: "Greyhound World's Greatest Trotter."

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SCOTTIE
Here's your grey horse! Course he'd have a tough time getting in and out of a stall without being pushed, but still ... You see? There's an answer for everything!

He looks across to Madeleine eagerly. She is staring ahead, lost in the past.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine! Try!

No answer. The music is more insistent, now, a pulling wind,, and the faint voices call more clearly. Madeleine slowly rises to her feet as though sensing the call. Scottie moves back to her and stands there looking up. He raises his arms, she puts her bands on his shoulders and slips to the ground with his help, and he is holding her. Their heads are close together.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine, try ... for me....

With a small movement, their lips come together, and they kiss; not impulsively, as before, but with deep, sure love and hunger for each other. Their lips part, but he still holds her tightly, his head pressed down against hers, and she is looking past him, her eyes wide with anxiety. And a clock strikes the three-quarter hour.

SCOTTIE
My love ... because I love you.

MADELEINE
(Whispering)
I love you too ... too late ... too late...

SCOTTIE
No ... we're together....

MADELEINE
Too late ... there's something I must do....

He holds her gently, now; brushes his lips along her to her eyes, down to her mouth.

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SCOTTIE
(murmuring)
Nothing you must do ... no one possesses you ... you're safe with me ... my love....

And they kiss again. As they part:

MADELEINE
Too late....

She looks up at him with deep regret and wonder in her eyes then suddenly breaks from him and runs out the door. He stands still, startled for a moment, then runs after her.

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

Madeleine is running across the grass toward the church. Scottie catches up with her.

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY) - REVERSE ANGLE

Scottie swings her around to face him.

SCOTTIE
(Firmly)
There am things I have to tell you, about how we met, and why we are together. But they can wait. The only important thing now is that I love you and I'm going to keep you safe.

MADELEINE
(Trembling)
You can't.

SCOTTIE
Why?

MADELEINE
Let me go.

SCOTTIE
Where?

MADELEINE
To the church, I must go there.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine --

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MADELEINE
Please let me go.

She pulls away and turns and walks swiftly toward the church, her head bowed. CAMERA DOLLIES with her. She is frightened, and close to tears. Scottie follows her a half-step behind. The livery stable drops away out of the SHOT, and the two heads fill the screen with only the sky an background.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine, don't fight me off, don't put me away. You've been fighting alone, and you're lost, but no more. Hold on to me. Be sure of me, always. And whatever it is, we'll lick it. I promise.

No answer. They keep walking, and then suddenly with head bowed, she begins to run again, and runs out of the SHOT. A moment, then he runs after her.

EXT. THE MISSION AND CLOISTERS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Madeleine running toward the Cloisters, Scottie after her. Finally he stops her once again.

EXT. THE CLOISTERS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie grabs her by the arm.

MADELEINE
(Head low, brokenly)
It's not fair, it's too late. It wasn't supposed to happen this way, it shouldn't have happened...!

SCOTTIE
It had to. We're in love. That's all that counts. Madeleine --

MADELEINE
(Frantic, struggling)
Let me go! Let me go!!

SCOTTIE
(Holding her; sharply)
Madeleine!!

The struggle ceases. She remains limp in his grasp for a long moment, then slowly raises her head to look at him. Her eyes study his face searchingly.

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MADELEINE
You believe that I love you?

SCOTTIE
Yes.

MADELEINE
And if you lose me, you'll know that I loved you and wanted to go on loving you.

SCOTTIE
I won't lose you.

PAUSE.

MADELEINE
Let me go into the church alone.

SCOTTIE
Why?

MADELEINE
Please. Because I love you.

He stares at her, sees the pleading look in her eyes, and lets go. She turns and walks away toward the church, slowly, her head bowed. He watches her go and starts to move after her. Then slowly, as she goes, her head begins to go up until finally, as she walks, she is staring high above her. And then, suddenly, she breaks into a broken run.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie jerks his head up to see what she was looking at.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint: the high church tower.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie, immediately alarmed, brings his eyes down and looks toward the church entrance.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint: Madeleine runs through the open front door of the church, and vanishes.

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EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie starts to run toward the church.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine!!!

He runs to the church door and runs in.

INT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

Scottie runs in and looks around frantically. The church is empty. A moment, then he hears the sound of footsteps running up wooden steps. He turns in the direction of the sound, sees a door standing open at the side of the church, and through the door the beginning of a flight of steps. He runs to the open door and goes through.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - (DAY)

Scottie runs in, stops at the foot of the steps, hears the running footsteps, and looks up. From his viewpoint we see Madeleine running up the open stairway that spirals up along the walls of the high tower. She is already well on her way.

Scottie is immediately stricken by vertigo, and the tall tower seems to slide away from him. He makes an attempt to start up the stairs, flattens himself against the wall and struggles up. He claws his way up, crosses over to the hand-railing and uses it to pull his body up the steps, one by one struggling for breath, unable to call, though he tries. And Madeleine keeps running.

Madeleine reaches the top goes through a small wooden door. We see it slam, hear it locked.

Scottie, struggling up, reaches a landing next to a small open arch that looks out on the back garden, and has to stop to tight his nausea.

There is a scream from above. Through the arch he sees a body fall. He calls "Madeleine"!, and looks down through the arch.

EXT. ROOF - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Figure of the dead Madeleine. Her body is lying on the roof of the cloister.

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INT. CHURCH TOWER - (DAY)

The vertigo hits Scottie again and the body and the root of the cloister move and fall away into space, and this DISSOLVES THROUGH TO:

The body of the policeman falling from the rooftop, tumbling through space to the street below.

Scottie has to look away in desperate horror. He hears voices, looks through the arch again, and sees two nuns hurrying across the garden from the dormitory at the back, looking up at the roof of the cloister.

He turns and gazes down the great height he now has to descend, flattens himself against the wall, and with trancelike desperation tries to start moving.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

Once again we see the whole of the square, but now, in sharp contrast, it is filled with cars parked along the roadway that encircles the green.

EXT. MISSION SAW JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Before Plaza Hall, the large grey wooden building next to the Livery Stable, and on its front porch, groups of citizens are gathered, talking. Some people glance up to the second floor, where the windows are open, and from which a droning voice can faintly be heard.

The CAMERA ZOOMS UP to the open window, and as it does, the voice of the speaker becomes louder and the words more intelligible.

INT. PLAZA HALL ROOM, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

The Coroner's Inquest is in session. The Jury of twelve local people is at one side. Among the people assembled we see: the two nuns, escorted by a priest; Gavin Elster with his attorney; some State Patrolmen; and, of course, Scottie. Next to him is a burly man in his fifties in civilian clothes; almost obviously a detective and obviously Scottie's one friend there. He is Detective Captain Fred Hansen of the San Francisco Police.

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At the front of the room is the Official who is speaking, a rather testy old man. Behind him, on the wall are an old, crudely hand-made American Flag from the last century, and a California Bear Flag.

(NOTE: THE FIRST PARAGRAPH OF THE FOLLOWING SPEECH COVERS THE RISE AND ENTRANCE OF THE CAMERA AND BECOMES INTELLIGIBLE ONLY AT ITS END.)

OFFICIAL
Mr. Elster, suspecting that all was not well with his wife's mental state, took the preliminary precaution of having her watched by Mr. Ferguson lest any harm befall her, and you have heard that Mr. Elster was prepared to take his wife to an institution where her mental health would have been in the hand of qualified specialists. And Mr. Ferguson, being an ex-detective, would have seemed the proper choice for the role of watchdog and protector. As you have learned, it was an unfortunate choice.
(pause)
However, I think you will agree that no blame can be attached to the husband. His delay in putting his wife under medical care was due only to the need information as to her behavior that he expected to get from Mr. Ferguson. He had taken very precaution to protect his wife. He could not have anticipated that Mr. Ferguson's "weakness" his "fear of heights", called "acrophobia", would make him powerless when he was most needed.
(pause)
As to Mr. Ferguson: you have heard his former superior, Detective Captain Hansen, from that great city to the north, testify as to his character and ability. Captain Hansen was most enthusiastic. The fact that Mr. Ferguson once before, under similar circumstances, allowed a police colleague to tall to his death, Captain Hansen dismissed as an "unfortunate Incident."

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Captain Hansen's eyes narrow and his face reddens. Scottie stares at the floor dully, oblivious to what is being said.

OFFICIAL
Of course Mr. Ferguson is to be congratulated for having once saved the woman's life when, in a previous fit of aberration, she threw herself into the Bay. It is a pity that knowing her suicidal tendencies he did not make a greater effort the second time. But we are not here to pass judgment on Mr. Ferguson's lack of initiative. He did nothing, and the law has little to say on the subject of things left undone.
(pause)
Nor does his strange behavior after he saw the body fall have any bearing on your verdict. He did not remain at the scone of the death. He ran away. He claims he suffered a mental blackout and knew nothing more until he found himself back in his own apartment in San Francisco several hours later. You may accept that or not. Or, you may believe that, having once again allowed someone to die, he could not face the tragic result of his own weakness, and ran away. That has nothing to do with your verdict. It is a matter between him and his conscience.
(pause)
Now. From the evidence of the mind of Madeleine Elster prior to her death, from the manner of her death, and from the Postmortem examination of the body showing the actual cause of her death, you should have no difficulty in reaching your verdict. Gentlemen, you may retire.

The Foreman of the jury leans across to his colleagues, and they go into a huddle. After a short whispered consultation there is a general nodding of heads, then the Foreman stands.

FOREMAN
We've reached the verdict.

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OFFICIAL
And what is your verdict.

FOREMAN
We find that Madeleine Elster committed suicide while being out of -- while being out of unsound mind.

OFFICIAL
Your verdict will be so recorded. Dismissed.

People start to rise. There is a general exodus toward the doorway and the stairs leading down to the ground floor. Scottie remains impassive, still staring at the floor. People stare at him curiously as they move past him and away. Detective Hansen rises, takes him by the arm, and helps him to his feet.

HANSEN
Let's go, Scottie.
(Glares over at the Official grimly)
The son of a --

He purses his lips and starts Scottie toward the door. Gavin Elster moves toward them, and they meet, and have to stop. Hansen looks at Elster impassively.

ELSTER
Do you mind if I speak to him for a minute?

Receiving no answers he takes Scottie by the elbow.

ELSTER
Scottie --

He leads Scottie away toward the window. They stop.

ELSTER
Scottie, I'm sorry. That was rough.

Scottie finally looks up at him.

ELSTER
He had no right to say that. It was my responsibility. You didn't know her. I shouldn't have got you involved.

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SCOTTIE
(struggling)
I -- i --

ELSTER
No, there's nothing you have to say to me. I'm getting out, Scottie. For good. I can't stay here. I'm winding up her affairs, and mine. I'm going to get as far away as I can. Probably Europe. And I'll probably never come back.
(Extends his hand)
Good-bye, Scottie. If there's anything I can do for you before I go....

Scottie looks at the outstretched hand, then looks up at the man's face, wanting very much to tell him how he felt about the dead woman. But the words won't come. Elster drops his hand with a sympathetic half-smile, and touches Scottie comfortingly on the arm.

ELSTER
There was no way for them to understand. But you and I know who killed Madeleine.

Elster and Scottie look at each other for a moment. Then Elster nods somberly and turns away and goes down the stairs with his attorney. The room is empty, now, but for Hansen and Scottie. Hansen, waiting near the doorway looks across to Scottie standing alone by the window. Beyond Scottie, through the window, we can see the cloister across the green.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CEMETERY SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY)

It is grey and deserted. In the distance a figure comes into views walking slowly, approaching a grave. It is Scottie.

EXT. A CEMETERY SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

A closer view brings him to a stop before the grave, and he stares down at it impassively. The gravestone tells us it is Madeleine's grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - (NIGHT)

A foggy night, the city hidden in mist. The flash of beacons; fingers of fog; the spasmodic growls and ories of fog horns.

INT. SCOTTIE'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie in bed, sleeping restlessly. His head fills the screen, rolls from, side to side. In a SLOW DISSOLVE while his head remains on the screen, there comes into focus and is superimposed as it gets closer the head and shoulders of the portrait of Carlotta. The CAMERA PANS DOWN until it reveals the nosegay.

The portrait is cleared from the screen, a new image is superimposed; the final scene at the inquest between Scottie and Gavin Elster. But this time, though it is not distinct, a woman's head can be discerned on Elster's shoulder. Elster turns to the woman and says: "Tell him he's not to blame; tell him." The woman turns her head to smile at Scottie. It is Carlotta Valdes again, dressed as in the portrait, with the necklace at her throats, and she is alive. The picture fades away. Scottie's restless head is alone on the screen again.

Another scene dissolves to the screen: the graveyard at Mission Dolores. The CAMERA IS APPROACHING the grave of Carlotta Valdes. Now we see Scottie approaching the grave. Now the CAMERA REVERSES, MOVING closer to the grave. It is open; there is a great black abyss, with the headstone to mark it.

A CLOSEUP OF SCOTTIE coming to a stop as he stares down. The black depths of the grave fill the screen, and now, suddenly we start to fall. A BIG CLOSEUP OF SCOTTIE, his hair windswept, staring down in horror as he falls. REVERSE ANGLE: he is still falling, but now from the tower of the Mission at San Juan onto the roof where Madeleine fell, and at the moment of impact the picture clears, and Scottie is sitting up in bed, staring ahead in horror, awakened by the sound of his own scream. The scream is echoed by a fog horn in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM BEDROOM - (DAY)

We see a portable phonograph with a record on, and we hear Mozart at his gayest, most incisive, most sparkling.

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And then we find Midge standing nearby, smiling across at Scottie, who is seated in a wheelchair wearing a dressing gown over pajamas. His face is gaunt and expressionless. We are in a light and pleasant bed-sitting room. Through the window we can see a lovely garden, and a few patients accompanied by nurses strolling along the paths.

MIDGE
(Brightly)
It's Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus. I had a long talk with the lady in musical therapy, and she said Mozart's the boy for you, Johnny. The broom that sweeps the cobwebs away. That's what the lady said. You know, it's wonderful how they've got it all taped now, John. They've got music for melancholiacs, and music for dipsomaniacs, and music for nymphomaniacs ... I wonder what would happen if somebody mixed up their files?

There is no reaction on Scottie's face, and Midge makes a grimace of dissatisfaction at the weakness of her joke. She looks across at him uncertainly.

MIDGE
But I brought you a lot of other things. You can see what you like. And the thing shuts off automatically.

She crosses to him swiftly kneels beside him.

MIDGE
Ah, Johnny, please try. Johnny, try! You're not lost. Mother's here.

No reaction. Long pause. Then we hear the door open. Scottie does not seem to hear, but Midge turns her head. A nurse is looking in, with a significant look at Midge.

MIDGE
Time? Okay.

The nurse goes out. Midge rises.

MIDGE
I'll be in again, John. Do you want me to shut that off? It shuts off automatically.

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Her eyes crinkle with anxiety. She nods and goes to the phonograph and shuts it off. She comes back to him slowly, and stands behind him, and puts her hands on his shoulders.

MIDGE
(Softly)
Ah, Johnny-O ... you don't know I'm here, do you?

She leans down and kisses him lightly on the top of the head, and smiles gently.

MIDGE
But I'm here.

She moves to the door, going out of the SHOT, and we hear the door open and close. Scottie has not moved, his face does not change expression. His head bends down, and his gaze is fixed on the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SCOTTIE'S ROOM - (DAY)

Midge, walking down the corridor, meets the nurse near the open door of an office.

MIDGE
Could I see the doctor for a moment?

The nurse backs up a step and looks in the open doorway.

NURSE
Doctor...?

The Doctor looks up and sees Midge in the doorway.

DOCTOR
Oh. Yes, Miss Wood?

The nurse continues on up the corridor. Midge remains in the doorway.

MIDGE
Doctor, how long is it going to take you to pull him out of this?

DOCTOR
It is hard to say. Six months, at least. Perhaps a year. It depends to a certain extent on him.

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MIDGE
He won't talk.

DOCTOR
No. We have ways of digging out knowledge. But it takes longer. He is suffering from acute melancholia, together with a guilt complex. He blames himself for what happened to the woman. And we know little of the background.

MIDGE
I can give you one thing: he was in love with her.

DOCTOR
Ah? That complicates the problem.

MIDGE
I'll give you another complication: he still is.

The Doctor studies her carefully.

MIDGE
And you know something, Doctor? I don't think Mozart's going to help at all.

She attempts a bright, gay smile but it comes out wrong. She turns and walks away down the corridor.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Once again a foggy night. The street lights ringed in the mist, and Coit Tower barely discernible in the distance. The fog horns sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The living room, is mostly in shadow. One light in a far corner is lit. There is a fire in the fireplace, but it is almost burnt out, and casts only a faint glow.

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An easy chair has been drawn up before the fire, and next to it is a small table on which is a bottle of whiskey, the remains of a highball, and an ashtray full of cigarette butts. There is no sign of life in the apartment. The telephone rings in the bedroom. It continues to ring.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT, UPSTAIRS ROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie is seated at the bar, exactly as he was the first time he saw Madeleine. The dinning room is crowded. Scottie's glance wanders about the room as he drinks, but he does not seem to be so much searching as waiting. And then he stiffens. From somewhere across the room a man and a woman are making their way among the tables toward the exit, and their relative positions as they move recall exactly the way Madeleine and Gavin Elster moved toward him on that night. And as the woman moves toward him, difficult to see clearly because of the movements of the waiters crossing her path, he could swear that it is Madeleine, and so could we. Although she does not wear an evening dress. Scottie stares, fearing and hoping as the woman gets closer and closer. And then she is there, and pauses near him to wait for the man, exactly as Madeleine did -- but it is not Madeleine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY)

Scottie in the foreground, and across the street the apartment building from which Madeleine used to emerge, with the forecourt of cars. A long moment, then a man emerges and crosses the street and walks toward the Fairmont Hotel. Another wait, and then a woman comes out of the apartment house. She has Madeleine's figure and Madeleine's style. Scottie freezes. The woman crosses the forecourt toward a car out of our sight. Scottie moves to follow the course of the woman, and we move with him, and now the car comes into sight, it is the green Jaguar. The woman opens the car door. Scottie races across the street and into the forecourt. By the time he gets to the Jaguar, the woman is in behind the wheel and has the motor started. Scottie races up to her, then stops short. The woman is not like Madeleine in features, and is a good deal older. She looks up startled as Scottie comes to a stop by the open car window.

SCOTTIE
Where did you get this car?!

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THE WOMAN
(Startled by his vehemence)
I beg your pardon?

SCOTTIE
This car...!!

THE WOMAN
Oh! Why ... I bought it from a man who used to live here, in this apartment building. Mister Gavin Elster. I bought it from him when he moved away.

As Scottie stares at her, she grasps the connection.

THE WOMAN
0h! You know him! And his wife? The poor thing. I didn't know her. Tell me -- is it true that she really believed --

But by this time Scottie has turned and walked away, and she stares after him, a bit taken aback.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (DAY)

Framed in the columns of the forecourt, Scottie wanders up the front walk and passes through the doors into the Art Gallery.

INT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (DAY)

Scottie wanders to the entrance of the room in which hangs the Portrait of Carlotta, and stops and looks towards the far corner. Some people pass before him, but then as the vista clears he sees walking toward him from Carlotta's corner a woman who must surely be Madeleine. He stares, rigid, as she comes closer, and then she passes out of view as she heads for the exit. Scottie turns to keep her in sight, and as she passes through the doors to go out to the courtyard she turns a just a bit so that she is silhouetted slightly in profile against the cuter light, and once again surely it is Madeleine. Scottie heads for the door fast, pushes through the courtyard.

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He breaks into a run and catches up with her and puts out his hand to take her arm, and as he does she turns, startled by his sudden appearance at her side -- and they both stop and stare at each other. It is not Madeleine. A moment, as the woman stares at him, frightened.

SCOTTIE
I'm sorry.

He turns away. The woman walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PODESTA, BALDOCCHI - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Scottie stands before the window looking at the floral display. In the foreground is a group of madeup nosegays and one of them is exactly like the nosegay Madeleine carried to the grave, to the portrait, to the moment she threw herself into the Bay. A porter closes the shop door and locks it. A moment, then Scottie turns away to move down Grant Avenue.

He stops short. Coming up Grant Avenue, headed for Sutter Street, is a group of shopgirls who have just come out of work, and among them is one who -- again -- must surely be Madeleine. Scottie watches them come closer, trying to get a clear view through the crowd of passersby, catching sight of the girl only in glimpses, and as the girls come abreast of him they stop to make their farewells.

The one nearest to Scottie, seen in profile, might have the same features as Madeleine. He cannot be sure. This girl's hair is dark, where Madeleine's was light; her features on closer inspection seem heavier, and she wears much more makeup. And yet there is something about the way she carries herself. The other girls cross the street while the one nearest to Scottie goes on alone. He Instinctively turns and follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUTTER STREET NEAR LEAVENWORTH - (LATE AFTERNOON)

A trolley coach passes, heading west. The girl starts to cross the street in the middle of the block, waits for another trolley coach to pass, continues to the opposite side, and goes into the Empire Hotel, one of the typical inexpensive residential hotels of that neighborhood. Scottie remains on the opposite side of the street, watching, wondering what to do next.

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He waits, and then, in much the same way it happened to him long ago at the McKittrick Hotel, his attention is attracted to a window on the second floor.

The girl appears and opens the window about eight inches, then pulls down the blind.

Scottie stares at the window, calculates in his mind the geographical position of the room, then starts across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL JUDY'S HOTEL - (DUSK)

Scottie moves down the hall counting doors and comes to a stop. He knocks. The door opens, and the girl stands and looks at him, and waits. Scottie stares at her, searching for a sign of recognition, but there is none.

JUDY
Well? What is it?

Her voice is flat and slightly nasal, in sharp contrast to Madeleine's low, husky voice. Scottie winces slightly at the sound of it. He keeps staring at her for a moment. Then:

SCOTTIE
Could I ask you a couple of questions?

JUDY
What for? Who are you?

SCOTTIE
My name is John Ferguson, and --

JUDY
Is this some kind of Gallup Poll, or something?

SCOTTIE
No, there are just a few things I want to ask you, and --

JUDY
Do you live here in the hotel?

SCOTTIE
No, I happened to see you come in, and I thought --

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JUDY
0h, I thought so! A pick-up! Well, you've got a nerve, following me right into the hotel and up to my room! You beat it! Go on! Beat it!

And she starts to close the door on him hard. Scottie holds it open against her.

SCOTTIE
No, please! I Just want to talk to you!

JUDY
(Pushing on the door)
Listen, I'm going to yell in a minute!

SCOTTIE
I'm not going to hurt you! I promise! Please!

She hesitates, impressed by the urgency in his voice.

SCOTTIE
Just let me talk to you.

JUDY
(Hesitating)
What about?

SCOTTIE
You.

JUDY
Why?

She is still holding on to the door, ready to slam it.

SCOTTIE
Because you remind me of someone.

She laughs a short, ironic, skeptical laugh.

JUDY
I've heard that one before, too. I remind you of someone you used to be madly in love with, but she ditched you for another guy, and you've been carrying the torch ever since, and then you saw me and something clicked.
(more)

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JUDY (cont'd)
(scornfully)
Huh!

SCOTTIE
(With a rueful smile)
You're not far wrong.

JUDY
Well, it's not going to work. So you'd better go.

SCOTTIE
Let me come in.

Her mouth drops open with shock at his effrontery.

SCOTTIE
You can leave the door open. Please. I want to talk to you.

A moment, then she backs into the room a little, and he follows.

JUDY
I warn you, I can yell awfully loud.

SCOTTIE
You won't have to.

JUDY
(Doubtfully)
Well ... you don't look very much like Jack the Ripper....

But still she moves until she is next to the phone, her hand almost touching it. She eyes him carefully.

JUDY
What do you want to know?

SCOTTIE
Your name. And --

JUDY
Judy Barton.

SCOTTIE
Who you are --

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JUDY
Just a girl, I work at Magnin's --

SCOTTIE
-- and how you happen to be living here.

JUDY
It's a place to live, that's all.

SCOTTIE
But you haven't lived here long.

JUDY
About three years.

SCOTTIE
No, a year ago! Where did you live a year ago!!?

JUDY
(Puzzled)
I told you! Right here!

SCOTTIE
(Strongly)
But before! Where did you live before!?!

JUDY
Salina, Kansas!

And that stops him dead, and he stares at her, denying.

JUDY
Listen, what <u>is</u> this? What do you want?

SCOTTIE
I want to know who you are.

JUDY
I told you! My name is Judy Barton! I come from Salina Kansas. I work at Magnin's! I live here! My gosh, do I have to prove it?

She moves swiftly to the dresser and rummages in her bag.

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JUDY
You've got to prove you're alive these days! All right, Mister. My Kansas driver's license. Judy Barton. Number Z296794. Four-Twenty-Five Maple Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

She pulls out another card: a California license. She hands it to him.

JUDY
There! See the address on this one? This place here! California License issued May 25, 1954! Want to check my thumb print? Satisfied.
(Pulls the card away)
And whether you're satisfied or not, you can just beat it!

A long moment as he stands before her, sagging a little defeated. She becomes remorseful and sympathetic.

JUDY
(Gently)
Gee, you have got it bad, haven't you? Do I really look like her?

He stares at her with an intensity that makes her crinkle her eyes in embarrassment.

JUDY
She's dead, isn't she.

An almost imperceptible nod.

JUDY
I'm sorry. And I'm sorry I yelled at you.

He turns away slowly toward the door. His eyes fall on some framed photographs on the dresser and he pauses, then moves closer to see them clearly. One is of a girl about sixteen standing with a woman in her late thirties; they have their arms about each other; they both have dark hair. Scottie stares at it, then glances at Judy.

JUDY
Yes, that's me. With my mother.

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Scottie's eyes move to another photograph, of a man in his early forties standing before a store. Above the store a sign says: A. M. BARTON, HARDWARES.

JUDY
That's my father. He's dead. My mother got married again ... I didn't like the guy.
(Smiles, wistfully)
So ... I decided to see what it was like in sunny California.
(Pause)
I've been here three years.
(she grins)
Honest!

He smiles back at her, liking her directness.

SCOTTIE
Will you have dinner with me?

JUDY
(Immediately wary, the smile fading)
Why?

SCOTTIE
Well, I feel I owe you something for all this....

JUDY
No, you don't owe me anything.

SCOTTIE
Then will you for me?

JUDY
(Warily)
Dinner ... and what else?

SCOTTIE
Just dinner.

JUDY
Because I remind you of her?

SCOTTIE
Because I'd like to have dinner with you.

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She smiles, pleased with the gallantry of his answer, and regards him thoughtfully.

JUDY
(Slowly)
Well ... I've been on blind dates before ... Matter of fact, to be honest, I've been picked up before.
(Grins)
Okay.

SCOTTIE
I'll get my car and be back in half an hour.

JUDY
Oh, no! Give me time to change and get fixed up!

SCOTTIE
An hour?

JUDY
Mmm.

SCOTTIE
Okay.

He flashes her a smile and goes, closing the door. She stares after him for a long moment, then moves slowly and sits down on the edge of the bed. She stares straight ahead, thinking, her face an impassive mask.

The CAMERA MOVES IN until her head fills the screen, and her eyes are deep with dark memory. We DISSOLVE THROUGH to what she sees: THE MOMENT IN THE TOWER OF THE MISSION. MADELEINE IS RUNNING UP THE STAIRS OF THE TOWER: SCOTTIE STRUGGLING DESPERATELY AFTER HER. SHE REACHES THE TOP, OPENS THE DOOR, DARTS INTO THE BELL TOWER, SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND LOCKS IT. SHE TURNS. GAVIN ELSTER STANDS NEAR THE OPEN ARCH, HOLDING HIS WIFE FAST; SHE IS DRESSED IN A GREY SUIT EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE MADELEINE WEARS. HER BODY IS LIMP. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY DEAD ALREADY. ELSTER LOOKS AT MADELEINE, THEN PUSHES HIS WIFE OUT THROUGH THE ARCH. MADELEINE MAKES A FUTILE GESTURE TO STOP HIM, AND SCREAMS. ELSTER COMES TO QUICKLY, PUTS HIS HAND ACROSS HER MOUTH, AND DRAWS HER BACK INTO THE SHADOW BEHIND A MASONRY ABUTMENT. THEY ARE LOST FROM SIGHT...

DISSOLVE THROUGH to Judy, seated on the edge of her bed, staring with the memory of the horror of the moment.

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She sits very still. Then slowly she rises and moves to the window. She looks out, watching Scottie go down the street. She turns away and goes to the closet and opens the door. She pushes some clothes along the rack. We see the grey suit. She reaches into the closet and brings out a suitcase, lets it lie there, just outside the closet, and stares down at it. Then she turns back, goes to the writing desk sits down, and takes a sheet of paper. She picks up a ball point pen, clicks out the Point, stares ahead for a moment, then begins to write. As she writes, we hear her voice.

JUDY'S VOICE
Dearest Scottie ... and so you've found me. This is the moment I dreaded and hoped for, -- wondering what I would say and do if ever I saw you again, I wanted so to see you again. Just once. Now I'll go and you can give up your search.
(pause)
I want you to have peace of mind. You've nothing to blame yourself for. You were the victim. I was the tool, you were the victim of a man's plan to murder his wife. He chose me to play the part because I looked like her; he dressed me up like her. He was quite safe because she lived in the country and rarely came to town. He chose you to be the witness. The Carlotta story was part real, part invented to make you testify that Madeleine <u>wanted</u> to kill herself. He knew of your illness; he knew you would never get up the stairs of the tower. He planned it so well; he made no mistakes.
(pause)
I made the mistake. I fell in love. That wasn't part of the plan. I'm still in love with you, and I want you so to love me. If I had the nerve, I would stay and lie, hoping that I could make you love me again, as I am for myself ... and so forget the other and forget the past. But I haven't the nerve to try...

She pauses and looks up and thinks, and wonders, and tries to see into the future, and as she does, the fear in her eyes dissolve into anxious hope, and then resolve.

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She puts the pen down, rises slowly, takes up the letter and tears it into small pieces and drops the pieces into the wastebasket. She turns to the closet, pushes the suitcase back in with the toe of her foot, pushes the grey suit far back into darkness, and closes the closet door. She walks to the dresser, and stares at herself in the mirror. She opens a candy box in which we see trinkets and pieces of junk jewelry, and takes out two plain hoop earrings. She puts them on and looks to see how much change they make. She takes up an eyebrow pencil and slightly exaggerates the arch of her brows. She stares at herself impassively for a long time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT, UPSTAIRS ROOM - (NIGHT)

The room is filled with diners; waiters come and go. There is a sound of chatter and a slight clatter of dishes at a side table. We are looking from the bar, and at a table against the far wall we see Judy and Scottie, dining. They are talking amiable; Scottie is being genial and companionable, but there is no particular sense of intimacy. Judy looks about quite a bit, obviously admiring the room, and the food and the clothes of the people about her. She is dressed neatly, but more simply and more cheaply than are the other women in the room, and she is conscious of it, and keeps fiddling with the shoulders at her dress.

During this, a party of diners enters, is greeted by the captain, and is led across the room toward an empty table near Judy and Scottie. We go with them winding among the tables. As we get very close to Scottie, he looks up and becomes rigid, and stares. A woman has just gone by him to take seat at the neighboring table. Her hair is blonde and is done exactly as was Madeleine's; from the rear she could easily be Madeleine. But then she turns and sits down, glancing at Scottie as she does, and we see that it is not Madeleine. A moment, then Scottie looks away. Judy is staring at him anxiously. It is her first defeat and her first victory: defeat, in that although he is with her he is still searching; victory, in that she is sure, now, that he does not think she is Madeleine.

DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. JUDY'S HOTEL - (NIGHT)

Scottie's car drives up and comes to a stop. He gets out, comes around and opens the other door and helps Judy out. They stand there for a moment, then start for the front door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY HOTEL, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT)

Judy opens her door, flicks the light switch, and turns to Scottie in the doorway.

JUDY
Thank you again. Good-night.

SCOTTIE
Can I see you tomorrow?

JUDY
Tomorrow night? Well --

SCOTTIE
Tomorrow morning.

JUDY
Tomorrow m -- but I have to go to work. I've got a job.

SCOTTIE
Don't go.

JUDY
(Smiling)
And what will I live on? My oil wells in Texas?

SCOTTIE
I'll take care of you.

JUDY
(Flatly)
Oh, Well, thank very much. But no thanks.

SCOTTIE
No, Judy, you don't understand.

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JUDY
Oh, I understand, all right. I've been understanding since I was seventeen. And the next step is, as long as you're going to see me tomorrow, why don't you stay the night.

SCOTTIE
No.

JUDY
No? Then what?

SCOTTIE
I just want to see you as much as I can!

JUDY
As friends? We'd just see a lot of each other as friends, and you'd "take care of me"?

SCOTTIE
Yes.

JUDY
Why?
(No answer)
Because I remind you of someone?
(No answer)
That's not very complimentary.
(Pause)
And nothing would ...
happen....

SCOTTIE
No.

JUDY
That's not very complimentary, either.

She turns away and wanders into the room toward the window. She sits down in the chair to think it over, looking straight ahead, in profile to Scottie and to the window. Scottie stares at her, then suddenly reaches out and snaps off the light.

JUDY
(Frightened)
Listen, what'd you do that for?!?!

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She starts to rise.

SCOTTIE
(Quickly)
No, Judy, I'm not going to move!
Please! Stay in the chair!

JUDY
Why?!

SCOTTIE
Please! And don't look at me.

She subsides in the chair, and obeys, looking straight ahead again, holding very still, apprehensive. The only light in the room is from the street lamp outside, and it silhouettes Judy in profile, robbing her of hair-color, robbing her of makeup, and Scottie stares across at her, unsure, wishing he could persuade himself.

SCOTTIE
(Softly)
Will you, Judy?

JUDY
(Slowly, anxiously)
I suppose I could phone the store in the morning, and say I'm sick.

ANOTHER PAUSE.

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
Good night, Judy.

He goes out, closing the door. Judy sits still, staring straight ahead. She raises a hand slowly and rubs the side of her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - (DAY)

It is a bright, sunny day. On a lovely green slope, young couples are stretched out making love. We see a Pretty young girl sitting, and her young man lying on the grass at right angles with his head on her lap. She is playing with his hair. She bends down and kisses him. The CAMERA MOVES ON, searching for Scottie and Judy, and comes upon another couple in a close embrace.

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The CAMERA MOVES ON and discovers Scottie and Judy strolling along the path at the foot of the slope. Judy is looking at the loving couples with wistful envy. Scottie is admiring the scenery in other direction. He holds a bag of popcorn. Judy looks up at him with gentle longing. He glances down at her and smiles companionably, and offers her the popcorn. She takes some and smiles back as well as she can.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR, FAIRMONT HOTEL - (NIGHT)

The lighting in the room is low, the orchestra is playing "Isn't It Romantic", there are many couples on the floor, dancing romantically. It's romantic as hell. We find Scottie and Judy dancing, nicely, but rather sedately. Judy looks up at him once in a while, wishing she could get a bit closer, although he is not by any means keeping her at a distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POST STREET, OUTSIDE GUMPS - (DAY)

There is a flower stand - known to all San Franciscans -- at the curb opposite the main entrance to Gumps, and Scottie and Judy have stopped there to pick a flower for her to wear. It is a bright, fresh morning. There is a display of corsages, made up, ready to wear. The Vendor stands beside them as they pick and choose. They seem quite happy.

JUDY
I like that one.

SCOTTIE
No, there. There's a good one. Do you like that?

JUDY
Yes --

The one Scottie has pointed out is remarkably like the nosegay in the portrait, though smaller and not an exact copy.

SCOTTIE
We'll take that one.

VENDOR
Very nice. And fresh. I just made it up.

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He pins the nosegay on Judy.

VENDOR
That'll be a dollar four.

Scottie pays him

JUDY
It's beautiful.

SCOTTIE
Okay. Now we're going to buy you some clothes.

JUDY
Honest?

He has started her across the middle of the street in the midst of traffic, and they have to run.

SCOTTIE
There's Ransohoff's. Nothing but the best. Come on.

JUDY
(Happy and breathless)
But Scottie, you don't have to!

SCOTTIE
I want to! Come on!

They go dodging across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANSOHOFF'S - (DAY)

A spacious room on the second floor. Judy and Scottie are being waited on by a middle-aged saleswoman. A girl Assistant stands nearby. Draped about on neighboring chairs are several suits. Scottie looks tense. His jaw is set. Judy looks at him wonderingly. A model enters wearing a grey tweed suit, and parades before them.

SCOTTIE
No, that's not it. Nothing like it.

SALESWOMAN
But you said grey, sir.

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SCOTTIE
Not tweed -- it's a smoother material, with a larger collar and belted.
(Indicates with hands)

He puts his hands to his waist.

JUDY
But I like that one, Scottie.

SCOTTIE
No, it's not right.

SALESWOMAN
(Cheerfully)
The gentleman seems to know what he wants.
(To the model)
All right. Well, we'll find it.

She goes and whispers to the Assistant, during the following, and the Assistant follows the model out.

JUDY
(Slightly apprehensive)
Scottie, what are you doing?

SCOTTIE
I'm trying to buy you a suit.

JUDY
But I loved the second one she wore. And this one --
(She touches a suit on the chair)
-- is beautiful.

SCOTTIE
They're none of them right.

JUDY
But why?

The saleswoman has a sudden thought.

SALESWOMAN
Oh!! I think I know the suit you mean! We had it -- oh, it must be sometime ago! Let me go see. We may still have the model.

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And she hurries away into the back room. Judy looks at Scottie with wondering, understanding eyes.

JUDY
You're looking for the suit she wore! For me?!?

Scottie looks at her anxiously, not wanting an argument.

JUDY
(Repelled)
You want me to dress like her?

SCOTTIE
Judy, I just want you to look nice. And I know what kind of suit would look well on you.

JUDY
Ah, no!!! I don't want to be dressed like someone dead!

SCOTTIE
Judy --

JUDY
It's a horrible idea! Is that what I'm here for? To make you feel that you're with someone that's dead?

She has risen from her chair, appalled, and close to tears. The Saleswoman enters briskly.

SALESWOMAN
She'll be out in a moment.

SCOTTIE
Now, Judy, it isn't anything to get --

JUDY
No, I won't do it!!

She walks away. Scottie follows her.

SCOTTIE
Judy!!

The saleswoman watches the altercation with interest. The two are out of earshot, now, but what they're seems pretty evident.

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Scottie is being urgently persuasive, Judy is staring at the floor, shaking her head, fighting the tears. The following is distant and blurred.

SCOTTIE
Judy, it can't make much difference to you. I just want to see how you'd look and I know it won't be the some, but --

JUDY
No, I don't want any clothes! I don't want anything! I want to get out of here!

SCOTTIE
(strongly)
Judy, you've got to do this for me! Please!

She looks up at him, frightened, and at that moment he sees the model enter, wearing the grey suit.

SCOTTIE
Yes! That's it!

SALESWOMAN
I thought so!

JUDY
I don't like it!

SCOTTIE
We'll take it! Will it fit?

SALESWOMAN
Oh, yes! It may need some slight alterations, but it is madam's size.
(To the model)
All right, dear.
(To Judy)
We'll have it for you to try in a moment.

SCOTTIE
How soon can it be altered?

SALESWOMAN
Well...

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SCOTTIE
Can we have it by tonight?

SALESWOMAN
Well, if it's absolutely necessary...

SCOTTIE
Yes, it is. Now, I want to look at an evening dress, a dinner dress, black -- short -- long sleeves -- with a neck cut this...
(Indicates square neck)
...and the skirt out.
(Indicates full skirt with his hands)

JUDY
(Appealing)
Scottie --

He whirls on her with blazing eyes and stares at her commandingly, and Judy shrinks a little.

SALESWOMAN
(Laughs, embarrassed)
My, you certainly do know what you want, sir. I'll see what we have.

She goes into the back room. Judy and Scottie remains as they were, their eyes fixed on each other. But Judy is cowed.

DISSOLVE T0:

INT. RANSOHOFF'S, SHOE SALON - (DAY)

Open on a SHOT of Judy's legs, standing in new, high-heeled brown shoes. On the floor around her are other shoes and shoe boxes scattered haphazardly.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE
All right. Walk.

The legs start to walk, and the scene opens up as Judy walks away from the CAMERA, and we find Scottie seated, watching, and a shoe salesman in attendance. Judy sways a bit on the high heels in a way that could be reminiscent of Madeleine. She stops and turns, and stands staring at Scottie, without expression.

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SCOTTIE
All right. That's it. Do you have in black, too?

SALESMAN
Yes, we have.

SCOTTIE
All right.

He looks at Judy and meets her gaze steadfastly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

In the living room. There is a fire in the fireplace. Judy is seated on the floor before the fire, bent forward with her head and arms buried in the seat of the easy chair. She's been crying. Scottie enters from the kitchen carrying a bottle of cognac and two glasses. He looks down at Judy, then pours cognac into the two glasses and sets the bottle down.

SCOTTIE
Here, Judy. Take it straight down. It's medicine.

Judy raises her tear-streaked face.

JUDY
(Pleading)
Why are you doing this? What good will it do?

She takes the glass from his outstretched hand.

SCOTTIE
I don't know. No good, I guess. But I don't know.

She takes a large sip of cognac, makes a face, and puts the glass away. As she does:

JUDY
(Tearfully)
I wish you'd leave me alone. I want to go away.

SCOTTIE
You can.

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JUDY
No, you wouldn't let me.
(Then, almost to herself)
And I don't want to go....

Scottie comes down to her and puts his hands on her arms and holds her and looks into her eyes intently.

SCOTTIE
Judy, I want to tell you: these few days have been the first happy days I've had in a year.

JUDY
(Sadly)
I know. Because I remind you of her. The one that's dead. And not even that, very much.

SCOTTIE
(Meaning it)
No, it's you too, Judy. Something in you.

She looks at him with a new spark of hope, and her eyes are almost willing him to kiss her. But then he drops his hands from her arms, and the glow fades from her eyes, and she looks away.

JUDY
(Dully)
You don't even want to touch me.

SCOTTIE
(Grimly)
Yes. Yes, I do.

He rises and walks away toward the window. She looks after him, then rises and almost runs to him.

JUDY
Couldn't you like me, just me, the way I am?! When we first started out it was so good! We had fun! And you started on the clothes! I'll wear the darned clothes if you want me to! If you just like me!

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They are face to face, and Scottie is studying her somberly. Beyond them, through the window, we can see that magnificent symbol, the Coit Tower.

SCOTTIE
(Studying)
The color of your hair...

JUDY
Ah, no!

SCOTTIE
Judy, please it can't matter to you...

She shrinks a little, and is defeated.

JUDY
The trouble is, I'm gone now. For you. And I can't do anything about it. I want you to love me. If I let you change me, will that do it? If I do what you tell me, will you love me?

SCOTTIE
Yes.

JUDY
All right. Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me anymore. I just want you to love me.

LONG PAUSE.

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
I'll take you home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON - (DAY)

The first impact is of SOUND, of the buzz of hair dryers and the shrill cacophony of female voices talking and laughing. Scottie is leaning at the doorway leading into the inner salon. The CAMERA PANS AWAY from him through another door and comes to REST on a big head of Judy, covered with, soap suds, bent over a basin. One of the beauty operators looks out toward Scottie then walks out to him.

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OPERATOR
I'm afraid it's going to be several hours. The young lady thought perhaps you'd like to go home, and she'll come there as soon as she's finished.

SCOTTIE
Oh! Well ... no. Tell her I'll go to her hotel, and wait for her there.

She starts to turns away. Scottie stops her.

SCOTTIE
Oh! You're sure about the color of the hair.

OPERATOR
0h, yes. It's an easy color.

SCOTTIE
And the rest of --

He waves a hand over his face.

OPERATOR
Yes, sir. We know what you want.

SCOTTIE
All right. Thanks.

He turns away after a last glance toward Judy. The last we see of the salon is Judy's head, as she turns to try to see through soap suds to where Scottie has been standing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM, THE HOTEL - (DAY)

Scottie is wandering impatiently, smoking. Some of the Ransohoff boxes are piled in a corner. Then, abruptly he strides to the window. He looks, and becomes tense.

EXT. THE STREET - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint. Judy is walking up the street. She wears the grey suit from Ransohoff's the high-heeled black shoes, and her hair is now blonde. But it hangs about her face in the usual way. She does not look up. She turns into the entrance of the hotel.

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INT. BEDROOM - (DAY)

Scottie watches her until he loses sight of her directly below as she goes in the front door. He turns and looks looks toward the bedroom door and waits. Then, impatiently, he strides to the door and goes out into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -(DAY)

Scottie looks along the corridor.

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

The corridor is empty.

SCOTTIE

tensely waiting.

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Judy turns the corner, moving towards him.

AS SCOTTIE WATCHES CRITICALLY

Judy comes up to him. He backs into the room, Judy following.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - (DAY)

As Judy comes into the room, Scottie closes the door without taking his eyes from her. She looks at him gravely -- and holds out her hand, as though hoping for praise for the transformation. Her eyebrows have been plucked, her makeup lightened, her lipstick changed and she now bears much more of a resemblance to Madeleine.

JUDY
Well?

SCOTTIE
It should be back from your face --
with a bun at the neck. I told them.
I told you.

JUDY
We tried it. It didn't suit me.

Scottie abruptly goes to her, takes her hanging hair with both hands pulls it to the back so that her ears show.

Judy looks at him, half-angry, half-scared.

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Scottie, seeing the look in her eyes, takes his hands away. The hair falls forward again.

SCOTTIE
I'm sorry.

They look at one another for a moment. Then Scottie asks, almost humbly:

SCOTTIE
Judy -- please --

Judy doesn't answer for a moment, then she draws a deep breath, and turns resignedly away. She crosses to the mirror over a chest of drawers. Scottie matches as she picks up a couple of pins from a glass tray, and scoops up a handful of hair.

Scottie stands watching in silence. His eyes follow every move. We hear the tinkle of pins of the glass tray.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT

Judy slowly turns from the mirror to face him. She looks exactly like Madeleine -- her hair pulled back and done in a bun at the back of the neck. She stands there looking at him.

SCOTTIE looks at her in wonder, his eyes shining.

JUDY takes a step towards him, rewarded by his expression.

SCOTTIE moves over and takes Judy in his arms.

BIG HEADS

of the two of them, together. The CAMERA MOVES AROUND the big heads. Scottie holds her tighter and tighter. He looks past her shoulder and we see that his eyes are closed, because at last he holds Madeleine in his arms once more.

He opens his eyes -- the CAMERA SWIMS AROUND the room.

WE ARE NOW IN THE LIVERY STABLE AT SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

with Scottie holding Madeleine tight in his arms, kissing her. We see this for only the briefest moment before it

DISSOLVES AWAY T0:

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BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Scottie kisses her as he did in the livery stables. As he kisses her, and she turns his kiss, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY and their two figures are held in the center of the room.

DISSOLVE T0:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - (EARLY EVENING)

The window shades are drawn, the lights in the room have been lit. Scottie is sitting, relaxed, thumbing through a magazine idly. The jacket of his suit is hung over the back of a chair. The bathroom door is open. There is a full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, and we catch occasional glimpses of Judy as she moves about inside. Scottie looks up as she calls to him. Her voice is light and happy.

JUDY
Where shall we go for dinner?

SCOTTIE
Wherever you'd like...

JUDY
Ernie's?

SCOTTIE
You've got a thing about Ernie's, haven't you?

JUDY
Well, after all, it's "our place."

She comes out of the bathroom happy and contented. She wears the black cocktail dress, her blonde hair is done up in the Madeleine way. She stops to pose and show off the dress and smiles across at him lovingly.

JUDY
Hello, my love. Like me?

He regards her admiringly with a small, contented grin.

SCOTTIE
Mmmm.

JUDY
Is that the best you can do?

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She turns to the mirror over the dresser.

SCOTTIE
Come here.

JUDY
Oh, no. You'll miss me.

SCOTTIE
That's what I had in mind.

JUDY
Too late. I've got my face on.

She has opened the candy box, rummages around in the jewelry, comes up with some earrings, holds one up to her ear to see what it looks like, decides against it, finds some other earrings, small and neat, and puts them on. During this:

JUDY
I'm suddenly hungry. Would you rather go somewhere else?

SCOTTIE
No, Ernie's is fine.

JUDY
I'm going to have one of those big beautiful steaks. And ... let's see ... to start...

During this she has taken a necklace out of the box, and is trying to fasten it around her neck. But the clasp won't work.

JUDY
Oh! Help me with this, will you?

She backs up a step, still holding the necklace in place, and Scottie rises from his chair and comes up in back of her. He takes the ends of the necklace from her.

SCOTTIE
I've got it.

He bends down and bites the back of her neck.

JUDY
Oh! You're supposed to fasten it!

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SCOTTIE
All in good time.

He bites her again.

JUDY
Scottie!

SCOTTIE
How does it work?

JUDY
Can't you see?

SCOTTIE
Oh, yeah. There.

As he is fastening it he glances into the mirror and sees the necklace clearly for the first time. His eyes are immediately startled with the shock of recognition, and he stares, wondering why. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a closeup of the necklace in the mirror; then, with a click, the closeup changes to a closeup of the necklace painted on canvas. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show the necklace around the neck of Carlotta in the portrait, the same necklace. Now the CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show the Art Gallery, with the Portrait of Carlotta on the far wall. The scene click-changes to a BIG HEAD of SCOTTIE, staring, and during this we hear Judy chattering away.

JUDY'S VOICE
Thank you, darling. Now I'm just about ready; I just have to find my lipstick. Where did I put it? I had it a minute ago.
(Her voice fading)
Did I leave it in here? Oh, yes, here it is!
(Her voice fading in)
All right, I'm ready.

His eyes move in the direction of the voice, and now we see her, standing a few feet from him, smiling at him. She walks to him with a loving smile.

JUDY
But first ... miss me a little.

She puts her arms around him and presses against him, and lays her head against his chest with a happy sigh.

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JUDY
Ah, Scottie ... I do have you, now....

He raises his arms as though to embrace her, moves his hands to her shoulders, and one senses for a moment that he is going to press her too hard or that he may move his hands to her throat. But then he lays his hands gently on her back, and closes his eyes wearily, and rests his head on the top of hers.

SCOTTIE
(Softly)
How would you like to go somewhere out of town for dinner? Drive down the peninsula, somewhere?

She moves her head, and he raises his and opens his eyes, and she smiles up at him.

JUDY
All right, if you'd like.

She reaches up and kisses him briefly on the mouth. He smiles a small, enigmatic smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: HIGHWAY 101 - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

Scottie's car headed south, in brilliant moonlight.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Scottie at the wheel, Judy alongside. She glances at him, wondering.

JUDY
We're going awfully far.

SCOTTIE
I feel like driving. Are you terrible hungry?

JUDY
No, it's all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - (NIGHT)

Scottie's car enters the avenue of tall trees we saw once before along this road. They look sinister in the moonlight.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Shooting forward, we are as though in the front seat of Scottie's car, traveling fast, looking up and ahead to the distant end of the tunnel, and the tall trees flashing by.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Scottie is staring straight ahead, concentrating on his driving. Judy is staring up at the tall trees, wondering, her brow furrowed. Her memory is stirred, but she can't think why.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Shooting forward and up through the windshield. The tops of the tall trees flashing past. Judy's face, highlighted from the dash lights below, faintly reflected.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Judy turns her gaze from the flashing tree tops and looks off at Scottie.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Scottie, still concentrating on his driving, and looking straight ahead.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Judy looking at Scottie, puzzled and slightly apprehensive.

JUDY
Where are you going?

SCOTTIE
(wryly)
To complete my cure.

He glances at her and smiles nicely.

SCOTTIE
One final thing I have to do, and then I'll be rid of the past, forever.

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He looks ahead thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: MISSION SAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT) - LONG HIGH SHOT

Quiet, empty, sinister, bathed in moonlight. Far below we see Scottie's car crawl into the square and pass along the road around the green and come to a stop near the entrance to the church. A distant church clock chimes the half-hour.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Judy's face, rigid, frightened, her eyes filled with apprehension. Then, with an effort, she composes herself and glances at Scottie with calm questioning. But he is turned away from her, opening his door to get out.

EXT. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT)

Scottie comes around the car and opens Judy's door.

JUDY
Scottie, why are we here?

SCOTTIE
I told you. I have to go back into the past. Once more. For the last time.

JUDY
But why? Why here?

SCOTTIE
Madeleine died here.

Pause. He holds out his hand. She shrinks, frightened.

JUDY
No, I don't want to go. I want to stay here.

SCOTTIE
I need you.

JUDY
Why?

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SCOTTIE
I can't do it alone. I need you, to be Madeleine for a while. Then, when it's done, we'll both be free.

He draws her out of the car.

JUDY
I'm scared.

SCOTTIE
So am I, But it has to be done. I have to tell you about Madeleine, now.

He closes the car door and leads her slightly away, and they stop and look across the green toward the Livery Stable.

SCOTTIE
There...

He points to the Livery Stable, bathed in moonlight.

SCOTTIE
...We stood there and I kissed her for the last time. And she said, "If lose me, you'll know that I loved you --

JUDY
(Pleading)
Scottie --

SCOTTIE
(Going right on)
-- and wanted to go on loving you."
And I said, "I won't lose you."
(pause)
But I did.

He turns slowly, and Judy with him, and he looks up. Her eyes follow his.

FROM THEIR ANGLE

The high church tower in the moonlight.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE
She turned and ran ... into the Church...

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SCOTTIE AND JUDY

He puts his arm around her protectively but firmly, and begins to impel her gently to the church.

EXT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (MOONLIGHT)

SHOOTING from the door. Scottie impels Judy to the door.

SCOTTIE
...And when I followed her, it was too late....

The CAMERA PULLS AROUND as his tree hand goes to try the door.

JUDY
(Frightened)
I don't want to go in there!

Scottie pushes the door open.

SCOTTIE
...too late....

He pushes her into the church with gentle firmness.

INT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT)

The darkness is relieved by shafts of moonlight. Scottie impels Judy toward the foot of the tower.

SCOTTIE
I couldn't find her. Then I heard her footsteps on the stairs, she was running up the tower.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - (NIGHT)

It is lit by shafts of moonlight through the slit window. Scottie comes into the area holding Judy. He looks up.

FROM SCOTTIE'S ANGLE:

the open stairway spiraling upward.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE
She ran up those stairs... and through the door at the top of the tower, and locked it behind her. Then she Jumped.

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BACK TO SCOTTIE AND JUDY

He is still staring up. Judy is rigid with fright and the memory of that moment.

SCOTTIE
And I couldn't follow her.
(He closes his eyes in the agony of remembering)
God knows I tried.
(He glances down)
One doesn't often get a second chance. I want to stop being haunted. You're my second chances, Judy.

JUDY
(A frightened whisper)
Take me away...

SCOTTIE
You look like Madeleine, now. Go up the stairs.

JUDY
No!

SCOTTIE
Go up the stairs, Judy.
(Pushing her to the step)
I'll follow.

She starts up slowly, unwillingly. Scottie follows behind her, fighting to keep the impending vertigo under control, trying to keep his eyes fixed on her back to avoid looking up into space. They move up in silence, and in shadow, their faces occasionally lit by the shafts of moonlight that stream through the open arches of the tower. Judy's eyes are wide and staring; her face and body are stiff with the struggle to keep from breaking under the strain of remembering the last time she went up these stairs. And Scottie fights his way up behind her.

Judy slows down and comes to a halt at the landing that Scottie barely reached the last time, at the moment of death. She leans her back against the wall for support. Scottie struggles up and comes to a halt near her. PAUSE, as he gathers himself for the last assault.

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SCOTTIE
(Quietly)
This was as far as I could get. But you went on. Remember?

She stiffens and stares at him.

SCOTTIE
The necklace, Madeleine. That was the slip. I remembered the necklace.

A moment, then suddenly she ducks and tries to run past him, down the stairs. He grabs her wrist and holds on.

SCOTTIE
We're going up the tower, Madeleine.

JUDY
No! Let me go!

SCOTTIE
We're going up the tower.

JUDY
You can't. You're afraid!

SCOTTIE
I'm going to. It's my second chance.

He starts to drag her up the stairs and she fights it, close to hysteria.

JUDY
Scottie, please...!

SCOTTIE
But you knew, that day, that I wouldn't be able to follow you didn't you. Who was at the top when you got there? Elster? With his wife?

JUDY
Yes!

SCOTTIE
And she was the one who died. Not you. The <u>real</u> wife. You were the copy, you <u>were</u> the counterfeit. Was she dead or alive when you got there?

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JUDY
Dead. He'd broken her neck.

SCOTTIE
Took no chances, did he? And when you got there, he pushed her off the tower, was that it? But you were the one who screamed. Why did you scream?

I wanted to stop it, I ran up to stop it --

SCOTTIE
Why? Since you'd tricked me so well up to then?!! You played his wife so well, Judy! He made you over, didn't he? Just as I've done. But better! Not just the hair and the clothes! the look! the manner! the words! Those beautiful phony trances! That jump into the Bay! I'll bet you're really a strong swimmer, aren't you! Aren't you!!

The blind, frantic nodding of her head as she struggles against him is his affirmation.

SCOTTIE
Did he train you? Rehearse you? Teach you what to say and what to do?

JUDY
Yes!

SCOTTIE
And you were such an apt pupil! What fun you two must have had, playing games with me! Why me? Why did he pick on me?!!

JUDY
Your accident...

SCOTTIE
Ah, yes! I was a set-up. I was the made-to-order witness. Where is he now?

JUDY
I don't know ... Switzerland?

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SCOTTIE
We'll find him.

They have reached the door to the tower and he stops, with a grim, almost triumphant smile.

SCOTTIE
I made it.

JUDY
(Apprehensive)
What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE
Look at the scene of the crime. Go on in.

He pushes the door open. She shrinks back.

SCOTTIE
Go on!

He pushes her through and follows her in.

INT. BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)

The black shadows are cut by shafts of moonlight. Heavy beams support the great bell hanging at the center. There are additional temporary support beams. Judy backs up against the stonework as Scottie looks about.

SCOTTIE
You both hid behind there, mmm? ... 'til everything was clear ... then sneaked down and drove back to the city.
(Glances at her)
And then? You were his girl. What happened to you?

She stares at him, wide-eyed with apprehension.

SCOTTIE
Did he ditch you?

An almost imperceptible nod from her. Scottie almost laughs.

SCOTTIE
Oh, Judy!! When he had all her money, and the freedom and the power ...
(more)

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SCOTTIE (cont'd)
he ditched you? What a shame! But he knew he was safe. You couldn't talk. Didn't he give you anything?

JUDY
(Faintly)
Some money.

SCOTTIE
And the necklace. Carlotta's necklace. That was your mistake, Judy. One shouldn't keep souvenirs of a killing. You shouldn't have been that sentimental.

A moment, as he stares at her, then he advances on her slowly.

JUDY
(Apprehensive)
What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE
I loved you, Madeleine.

JUDY
(Desperately)
I was safe when you found me, there was nothing you could prove! But when I saw you again I couldn't run away, I loved you so! I walked into danger and let you change me again because I loved you and wanted you!
(She throws herself into his arms)
Scottie, please! You love me now! Love me! Keep me safe!

And she is in his arms, pressing tightly against him in desperation, and he holds her tight, and they kiss, deeply, passionately. The kiss ends but they remain together, holding together, and Scottie's eyes are tight with pain and the emotion of hating her and hating himself for loving her.

JUDY
(softly, pleading)
Love me ... keep me safe...

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SCOTTIE
(Whispering)
Too late ... too late ... there's no bringing her back.

Suddenly Judy's eyes, looking past him, go wide with horror.

FROM JUDY'S POINT OF VIEW

The figure of a woman draped in black stands motionless in the shadows by the door.

JUDY, IN SCOTTIE'S ARMS, TRANSFIXED

FROM JUDY'S POINT OF VIEW

The black figure moves forward, seems to merge with the shadow and become part of them.

JUDY

Pulls out of Scottie's arms and backs away, terrified.

JUDY
(Whispering)
No ... no...

She is backing perilously close to the edge of the drop below. Scottie stares at her for a moment, then swings around to see what she is looking at.

FROM SCOTTIE'S POINT OF VIEW

The black figure advances into a shaft of moonlight. It is a nun.

THE NUN
(Simply)
I heard voices...

There is a terrible scream.

Scottie swings around again, steps quickly to the edge and looks down. He backs away, his face tight with horror and holds the stonework for support. The nun comes into the SHOT. She steels herself to look below. She crosses herself.

THE NUN
God have mercy...

She reaches out for the bell cord.

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INT. THE BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)

The church bell is tolling. It swings in and out of the picture. Through the archway we can see the Mission garden below. Figures are hurrying across toward the church.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Midge is huddled in a chair, listening to the radio. Beyond her, San Francisco at night.

THE RADIO
-- was last heard of living, but is now thought to be residing somewhere in the south of France. Captain Hansen states that he anticipated no trouble in having Elster extradited once he is found. Other news on the local front: in Berkeley three university of California sophomores found themselves in a rather embarrassing position tonight when they were discovered by Police Officer William Fogarty leading a cow up the steps of --

By now Midge has heard the NOISE outside, has uncoiled from the chair and shut the radio. She listens again for a moment, then moves quickly to the table on which are bottles, glasses and ice. She starts to mix a strong highball and does not turn as she hears the front door open. Scottie enters and closes the door behind him. His face is a mask. He moves slowly across the room and stands by the window, with the view of San Francisco beyond him, and looks straight ahead, thinking. Midge picks up the highball, glances over at him, picks up the bottle and pours in another slug. Then moves across the room and holds out the drink. Scottie takes it. Midge moves away, picks up her own drink, sits down and looks across the room. Scottie stands quietly, immobile, then raises the glass and takes a long pull at the drink. He stares out at the city.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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